

THE NATION

AUGUST 25, 1969 35 cents

12-69H PL-9200
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE
NEW JERSEY 07019

UPSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
AUG 21 1969
EAST ORANGE, N. J. 07019

Pop Sex Among the Squares

DESMOND SMITH

Belfast: 'In Glorious Remembrance'

CAREY McWILLIAMS

DRAMA: INTENT & CONTENT

Eric Bentley

Julius Novick

Isaiah Sheffer

Albert Bermel

LETTERS

moonshine

Peekskill, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: It is an ominous sign that a number of Senators who have been critical of our government's war policy in Vietnam made speeches as the astronauts were returning, urging national unity behind the President's "peace" proposals. According to *The New York Times*:

Seven Republicans and one Democrat took the floor for a half hour to pledge their support of the Paris peace negotiations and urge North Vietnam to make some response to the announced American troop withdrawals.

The demonstrations were organized . . . after conversations with Henry A. Kissinger, President Nixon's chief foreign policy adviser in the White House. Mr. Kissinger was reported to have encouraged the project.

Isn't it obvious that the great achievement of our scientists and the heroism of our astronauts are being used to strengthen the policy that has already cost 40,000 American lives and millions of Vietnamese casualties?

Those who understand the terrible danger of a nuclear and chemical-biological holocaust have the responsibility to speak out now and not let our people or Congress get moonstruck. . . .

Walter Lowenfels

R.I.P. for Ripon

Rockville Centre, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: Jack Newfield's mention of the Ripon Society in "New Politics: More Mood Than Movement" [*The Nation*, July 28] is a little out of date. I am a member of Ripon, and have come to sense a smell of successful co-optation, a neutralization achieved by bringing a couple of Riponeers near the seat of power, while the power continues to be wielded by Laird-Thurmond ideas.

Newfield's ignorance of this fact (if it is a fact, as I suspect) prompts me to suggest that you assign a piece on "What Did Happen to the Idea of Liberal Republicanism and the Ripon Society?"

Howard N. Meyer

off again

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR SIR: From time immemorial our philosophers have wrestled with the question of why man was put on earth. Now Richard Nixon has come up with an answer. Commenting on the moon landing, he said that it was "the greatest week in the history of the world since the creation. . . ."

If that is true, then man was put on earth so that he could ultimately escape from it.

Harry Cimring

wrong twist

Edmonton, Alberta

DEAR SIR: For shame, *Nation*! The drawings in your article ["Drew Pearson: An Interview" by Robert G. Sherrill, July 7] show a Washington *Ferris wheel*, not a merry-go-round. You would not have made such an un-American error if you had remembered that the Pentagon spins like a roulette wheel.

Robert F. Fischer

Yes, we knew. But a Ferris wheel was what the artist drew, time was short, and we thought the spin was the main idea.

The Editors

EDITORIALS

The Illusion of Good News

Paul Bern, a movie producer of the thirties, used to say that when you set out to make a picture, you must ask yourself what the masses lack in their everyday lives, and give it to them in fantasy.

A similar principle seems to be the key to success in current politics. About the only cheerful piece of news in recent years is the flight to the moon and the safe return of the astronauts to earth, precisely as decreed by President Kennedy. Otherwise, in foreign and domestic affairs alike, the public sees nothing but problems for which there is seemingly no solution, and wars to which there is seemingly no end. As a result, a tremendous appetite for good news has built up, and this gives President Nixon, himself a showman of no mean ability, a chance to substitute the illusion for the reality. Most notably in Vietnam, he has not overlooked the opportunity and, with few exceptions, the publicity media have given him unstinting support.

Thus the Presidential announcement of a 25,000-man troop withdrawal was heralded as the beginning of American extrication from the baffling situation in Vietnam. True, 25,000 out of at least 540,000 (not counting Naval forces, CIA operatives, et al.) was really no more than a token reduction; moreover, the Americans were to be replaced by Vietnamese units of equivalent capability. Still, it was enough to make headlines. But even the meager promise of peace that the troop withdrawal held out has no basis in fact. By the end of August U.S. strength in Vietnam was to be down to 515,000 men. Now it is said that this level may be reached by the end of September, but for the present the manpower level is rising, not falling. The men who are being transferred had completed their tour of duty in Vietnam and were due to be sent home, or to other stations, in any case. "There was a little overrun into September," Sen. John Stennis, the chief explainer for the Pentagon, says soothingly. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield joins in bipartisan apologetics. The President is placed in an embarrassing position, he tells newsmen, but it's not his fault. "It may be his subordinates in the Department of Defense didn't carry out his orders." Apparently they are not aware that they are subordinates, or they realize that it is all fantasy anyway and the important thing is to keep the public happy, or at least less miserable.

Viewing the scene from Saigon, Arthur J. Dommen of the *Los Angeles Times*—no dove he—reports that the war looks as if it is quite "out of control. . . . It could become another Thirty Years' War, sweeping millions into the armies, regular and irregular, as the only steady source of livelihood, depopulating the countryside, overcrowding the rural slums, destroying the cultural heritage of those fortunate enough to survive the killing." Mr. Nixon would like to see the war end, of course, yet if Dommen's prognosis is correct, the President may find himself occupying the doghouse Mr. Johnson vacated.

Laos, ostensibly neutral by the terms of the 1962 agreement, is also in the grip of civil war, and just what the U.S. commitment in Thailand may be only the Pentagon knows. Besides the treaty obligations the United States has assumed in Thailand, the Pentagon has a "contingency plan" which, Sens. Frank Church and J. W. Fulbright suspect, may call for intervention by the United States with ground troops if Thailand is threatened with internal subversion.

Probing a little way beneath the surface, the public will only find more disquieting information of this type. But Mr. Nixon, capturing the headlines with his round-the-world trip and vague promises of a circumspect U.S. policy in Asia, keeps the public hopeful. The comfort the public gets from the newspaper astrology columns is scarcely more illusory.

One Cheer

A striking example of the ebullient market for "good news" is the manner in which press, public and a sizable section of the political leadership of both parties hailed President Nixon's welfare message as though it were a Magna Charta for the poor and oppressed. Actually the message is designed to relieve not the poor but political pressures which expanding welfare costs have generated. Politically it is exceedingly clever: one must favor the proposals as against the existing state of affairs if only because, by providing long-needed federal standards for assistance, a great many poor, primarily in the South, would benefit by them. In brief the message—at the bleakest reading—merits one cheer. But the program it outlines is not nearly so progressive as it has been made out to be; the press should give it a second, third and fourth reading by way of correcting first impressions of its real thrust and meaning.

In general—one must wait for specific details—the President's proposals would help welfare recipients in the South and in other areas which have low welfare standards. The "working poor," of whom there are sizable numbers in the South, in the agricultural areas of the Midwest and in the far West, would also benefit. These are, of course, areas in which the President has a particular political interest. If his proposals are adopted, he will have added a new dimension to the political base he is building in the South.

At the same time, what he proposes will please another political constituency: lower-middle-class and middle-class home owners concerned with rising real property tax rates, which many attribute to soaring welfare costs. In the North, many of these elements will feel a sense of relief on three counts: the flow of Negroes to Northern industrial areas will now—they think—abate (as a matter of fact it has been tapering off for quite some time); "the welfare system," so they imagine, is about to be abolished (it isn't); and, finally, the President's resounding reaffirmation of the Protestant ethic offers reassurance that "all those loafers on welfare" will now have to go out and get a job. Who knows? It may

THE NATION/August 25, 1969

IN THIS ISSUE

August 25, 1969

EDITORIALS

130

ARTICLES

134 Poisons, Profits and Politics

Ruth Harmer

137 Belfast: "In Glorious Remembrance"

Carey McWilliams

142 Pop Sex Among the Squares

Desmond Smith

145 The Fallacy of Decentralization

Amitai Etzioni

BOOKS & THE ARTS

148 The Theatre of Interpretations

Eric Bentley

150 Poetry:

The Release

Arthur Gregor

Worlds of Different Sizes

Sandra McPherson

Music in Michigan

William Hunt

Moths at the Window

William Hunt

Mount Kearsarge

Donald Hall

151 Black Theatre in America

Isaiah Skeffer

152 Order & Freedom

Julius Novick

156 Closet Openings

Albert Bermet

157 Music

David Hamilton

158 Art

Lawrence Alloway

Publisher

Associate Publisher

JAMES J. STORROW JR.

GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor

Associate Editor

CAREY McWILLIAMS

PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor

Literary Editor

ROBERT HATCH

BEVERLY GROSS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, ALLEN PLANZ; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, MAX KOZLOFF; Music, BENJAMIN BORETZ; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT G. SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; UN, ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published each week (except for the omission of four issues) by the Nation Company and copyright 1969 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office. Address all manuscripts and editorial correspondence to the New York office.

Subscription Price: One year, \$10; two years, \$18. Add \$1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; \$2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

NATION

Volume 209

No. 5

131

even be possible again to get domestics at "fair" wages.

The President's proposals will not help the poor in the Northern industrial states, where most of the ghetto Negroes reside. Nor will they provide much financial relief to the big cities. On this score, it would be interesting to know the private views of the President's proposals held by the Republican governors of such states as California, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York. To what extent Mr. Nixon's proposals would strengthen family structures is not clear. A Negro mother with, say, six or seven children—all minors but all over 6 years of age—might well feel that her primary duty was to care for her children rather than "go out and get a job" in order to provide for them.

And what jobs? At what rates of pay? The President says nothing about making the government the employer of last resort or of providing new jobs. To the extent that he "cools" the economy, there may be less, not more, jobs, particularly decent, well-paying jobs. An unemployment rate of 4.5 per cent is already being forecast for next year. But his proposals may well have the effect of indirectly compelling more people to take low-paying or substandard jobs.

As to manpower training, the federal employment service is precisely *not* the agency, on the basis of past experience, to which this responsibility should be delegated. One suspects, in fact, that manpower training may turn out to be a camouflaged form of relief. And it is by no means sure that the President's friends in the Senate from the South will want to see their constituents "spoiled" by the welfare standards which he proposes; the effect might be, for example, to raise the rates for plantation labor. The one sound proposal—the imposition of federal standards—was probably dictated by recent court decisions as much as by any desire to correct an obvious injustice of long standing.

But the President's proposals may open the door for other plans which have more merit. Following his message, Reps. John Conyers (D., Mich.), Charles W. Whalen, Jr. (R., Ohio) and Jonathan Bingham (D., N.Y.) introduced a comprehensive public income assistance plan which would provide a family allowance of \$3,200 for a family of four, as well as coverage for single individuals, childless couples, and couples with grown children. So in the end it may be that the President has opened more doors than he has closed. But for his message, one cheer is really all it deserves.

The Pastore Bill

Initially FCC licenses were granted for six-month periods; gradually the licensee's tenure was extended to three years. For thirty-five years the quality of programming was never an issue. Actually the Federal Communications Commission, with only four employees assigned to investigate program deficiencies, could not possibly cope with 7,200 broadcasting stations (AM, FM and TV). Consequently licenses were renewed automatically—a situation which was naturally much to the liking of those who

held the licenses. Until recently, the FCC would not permit ordinary members of the public to file petitions to deny license renewals. It took a mandate by Chief Justice Burger (then on a lower appellate court) to force the FCC to entertain such petitions.

However, opposition petitions are not an adequate remedy. It takes large amounts of money to fight such cases—up to \$250,000 in some instances. Few groups and even fewer individuals can spend such sums to defend the public interest, but a considerable number of people would like to acquire a license worth millions by taking it away from an existing licensee who can be proved to be using it with little or no regard for the public interest.

Faced by this threat, the long-established licensees have turned to their good friend in the Senate, John O. Pastore (D., R.I.). Mr. Pastore has introduced a bill (S.2004) which would, in effect, bar competitive license applications. Such applications could be filed only in those cases in which the FCC had first revoked an existing license for disregard of the public interest. Since the FCC has never taken such punitive action, the broadcasters would feel safe if S.2004 were enacted into law. At most a few licenses, in cases where disregard of the public interest had been particularly flagrant, might not be renewed.

Senator Pastore's rationale is that no one does his best when "scared to death." But no one was scared, even slightly, during those decades when the FCC ignored its responsibilities, yet programming got worse year by year. The opposition to the Pastore philosophy is led by Sen. Philip A. Hart (D., Mich.). He tells the broadcasters: "You don't own the broadcasting channels and we don't own our Senate seats. You knew when you went into the business that your term was only three years."

The real fear in the industry is that if challenges are permitted, they could become the means of breaking up the concentration of ownership and control that currently exists. This fear is not confined to the owners of broadcasting studios and transmitters. The press does not seem overly eager to take Pastore's proposal apart, for the simple reason that many newspapers are tied in with radio-TV ownership and self-interest blunts their sense of public responsibility.

The public interest in this area is being defended by the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, 609 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, of which Thomas P. F. Hoving is chairman. A particularly brilliant statement of the case against the Pastore bill was presented by Earle K. Moore, general counsel for the Citizens Committee, before the Senate Communications Subcommittee on August 7. "If S.2004 is adopted," Mr. Moore concludes, "there will be virtually no effective way in which the public interest in broadcast channels can be protected by the Commission, and the small group of monopolists who now hold licenses for the most valuable channels will be free to exploit public resources as they please." This is the usual outcome of such controversies, and the best hope of averting it in this instance is for broadcast listeners and viewers to support the efforts of the Citizens Committee.

Varieties of Patriotism

From Warner Robins, Ga., UPI brings the news that Mrs. Miles Stewart, whose 22-year-old son was killed in combat in Vietnam last April, has sent the American flag from his coffin to President Nixon. Mrs. Stewart, described as a prominent businesswoman of her town, took this step after writing letters to Congressmen and military authorities asking what the war was about. Frustrated by the "cold" responses of these functionaries, she addressed the same question to the President, who failed to reply. If the letter had reached him, he might have found it an awkward one to answer, since he decided subsequently that this war represents one of America's "finest hours."

Mrs. Stewart sees it differently. She told the President, "I do not want a flag which represents a country which is sacrificing her young men as this country is doing." She said she hates the flag for what it stands for in Vietnam, but loves it for what it is *supposed* to stand for. Thus Mrs. Stewart joins those Americans—a minority but one numbered in millions—whose pride in their country has been turned into aversion by an involvement from which Mr. Nixon is supposedly trying to extricate us, but at a leisurely pace comporting with his own political prospects and his usual balancing act between contending factions.

A few months ago another lady, who had likewise lost a son in Vietnam, told newsmen that she did not see how the war had been worth a single life. This mother did not limit her concern to American lives, but appeared to recognize that Vietnamese mothers have feelings too. After more than two decades of cold war, and mass indoctrination of far greater antiquity, it is not to be expected that many American women will openly defy the convention holding that the most sacred of woman's duties is to sacrifice her son at the behest of the military. Yet the mood of the country in this war differs sharply from that in World War II, where the atrocities of the Nazis and the attack on Pearl Harbor made synthetic justifications of the necessity for America to fight unnecessary. The Gold Star mothers of that earlier war have no counterpart in the current squalid embroilment, and few intelligent Americans, even among those who support the war, have been able to swallow the current rationalizations without gagging.

Capt. Levy and the Green Berets

Washington

On August 4, Dr. Howard Levy was released on bail from the federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa. He had gone to jail for refusing to train medical aides destined for service with the Special Forces—better known as the Green Berets—in Vietnam.

On August 6, the Army admitted—after two weeks of secrecy—that it had arrested eight men of the Green Berets, including Col. Robert B. Rheault, their commander, in connection with the murder of a Vietnamese official. The concurrence was ironic.

At his court-martial in 1967, the most dramatic defense offered by Levy was his belief that the men he was

asked to teach a kind of "first aid dermatology" would in fact pervert their training once they went into action. Regular Army medical servicemen seldom carry rifles; Green Beret medics are trained to kill as well as to cure, Levy argued. The Green Beret medics are first of all killers because they are first of all Green Berets, and Green Berets are notorious for shutting their eyes to political assassination, torture, forced labor, and the unnecessary destruction of villages—all in violation of the Nuremberg code.

Thus went his argument; it was impressive, and included testimony from Green Berets themselves. Capt. Peter Bourne, an Army doctor who spent four months in the jungles with the Green Berets, told of protesting the killing of prisoners by the native forces under the supervision of the Green Berets, and being told: "Don't rock the boat."

Robin Moore, author of the book *Green Berets*, told the court-martial that he knew of at least one instance in which the tough American advisers were training native troops as "assassination teams" to take care of Vietnamese politicians who are on the enemy's side.

The Levy defense also listed the methods of torture practiced by the Green Berets' native helpers, like tearing out fingernails by the roots, cutting off fingers, attaching electric wires to a man's (or woman's) breast, squeezing testicles in a vise, and wiring a man's hands to his face by running the wire through his hands and cheeks. It was never proved that the Green Berets themselves did these things, but one former sergeant testified that "the normal practice was that when it [torture] started you turned around and lit a cigarette."

Looking back on that trial, one of Levy's attorneys spelled out the inevitable conclusion: "The chilling fact is that the Army . . . continues to protest that American soldiers do not themselves practice torture or commit murder, as if that fact alone released them from all charges of complicity. Adolf Eichmann lodged a similar protest at his trial in Jerusalem when he said, 'With the killing of Jews I had nothing to do. I never killed a Jew, or a non-Jew for that matter—I never killed any human being. I never gave an order to kill either a Jew or a non-Jew. I just did not do it.' And so the Special Forces do not practice torture in Vietnam. Torture just happens, murder just happens, war crimes just happen. No one does it. No one is responsible. It's called complicity."

But the judge ruled finally that Levy could not use the specter of war crimes as a defense. "While there have been perhaps instances of needless brutality in this struggle in Vietnam," he said, there was no pattern of war crimes.

So Levy went to prison. For the next two years one heard little more about the brutalities of the Green Berets. And then, two days after he left prison, the truth of his defense came to the surface again.

The Army will doubtless continue to claim that these are only isolated instances, but the savageness of the latest crime, and the fact that seven officers and a sergeant in the elite corps are under suspicion, make one wonder if there is not a pattern. Newsmen investigating the mur-

der case report that the victim was possibly tortured first. And at least one responsible reporter, Richard Homan of *The Washington Post*, states flatly what Levy's attorneys were forced two years ago to handle as theory:

"While no one talks about it in public, torture and murder are part of the clandestine activities of the Special Forces established as an elite group by the United States Government."

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

POISONS, PROFITS AND POLITICS

RUTH HARMER

Mrs. Harmer teaches at California State Polytechnic College and is the author of The High Cost of Dying (Macmillan) and the forthcoming Unfit for Human Consumption.

California regulates more closely than any other state the use of pesticides—the vast arsenal of "economic poisons" employed since World War II in an all-out attack on the biosphere. For that reason it is instructive to consider the following account by a state public health official of the recent death of a 16-year-old farm laborer assigned to spray a field of strawberries:

The permit to purchase and apply the pesticide had expired, so that it was purchased and applied illegally. The highly toxic phosphate ester was applied by hand duster, a primitive and entirely unsafe method of application. The container label was not read by anyone until after the illness was discovered. No advance arrangements were made with a physician for prompt, adequate care for an emergency. The worker was not instructed about hazards and precautions for using the pesticide. He was not provided with protective clothing. When the boy was taken to a physician, no one could provide any information about the pesticide the worker had applied. The supplier of the pesticide did not check the number of the permit given by the purchaser to assure that the permit was valid. The product was also misbranded; it contained two-to-four times the phosphate ester pesticide specified on the label.

In addition, noted Dr. Irma West, coordinator of the Injury Control Project with the California Department of Public Health, the medical instructions on the label could be confusing and needed re-evaluation. "I know of three deaths in which these instructions have proved detrimental," she added, "and I know of no benefit from them in an emergency."

Who was held responsible for the boy's death? No one—yet every one of the series of grave errors was also a violation of laws and regulations, and the avoidance of any one of them might "easily" have saved his life.

Dr. West's carefully documented report of that and hundreds of other cases of injuries and deaths occurring each year to workers exposed to toxic chemicals was part of the testimony presented earlier this year by attorneys for the AFL-CIO United Farm Workers Organizing Committee at a court hearing in Bakersfield. The union was seeking dissolution of a temporary restraining order—a temporary order that has been in effect since last August—instructing the Kern County agricultural commissioner to keep secret the records of pesticide applications by crop dusters there. The records are public records.

"We will not tolerate the systematic poisoning of our

people," Cesar Chavez, UFWOC leader, has warned growers. "We will be damned—and we should be—if we will permit human beings to sustain permanent damage to their health from economic poisons."

Without information about what is being sprayed, by whom, where and when, the union says it cannot provide workers with adequate safeguards—medically and contractually—against the "ever-increasing danger." Growers have been incredibly lax, it argues, in exposing workers to the battery of economic poisons, some of which are so toxic that a single drop on the skin can kill an adult. State agencies charged with administering and enforcing the regulations have been equally lax, it adds; and offers as evidence sworn statements from field workers describing injuries received after having been sprayed while working in the fields and after having been sent into sprayed fields too soon after spraying.

Jerome Cohen, the union's chief counsel, initiated action last summer after appeals by a group of workers who had been forced to seek medical attention for relatively severe cases of conjunctivitis, nausea, dermatitis and other gross symptoms of pesticide poisoning. The place to begin, he decided, was at the office of county agriculture Commissioner C. Seldon Morley, who is required by law to keep for inspection records of the commercial pest control operators: the date of treatment, material and dosage used, the number of units treated and other pertinent items. Individual farmers, even the corporate ones, are not required to file records.

Commissioner Morley said the records had been given to him "in confidence." The visit, not a particularly sociable affair to judge by courtroom recollections, ended with Cohen's promising to return in a day or two to get what he considered "vital public information."

Within two hours after the union attorney had left Morley's office, three applicator corporations, acting on behalf of themselves and all other members of the county Agricultural Chemical Association, had obtained a temporary restraining order. Mr. Morley, who had been named as defendant, was now enjoined from disclosing the records. Judge J. Kelly Steele, whose anti-union decisions have not endeared him to organized labor, signed the order with remarkable promptness, considering that the trade association's attorney, Stephen E. Wall, had admitted that "in the very limited time available due to the urgency of the situation we have not been able to accomplish much research on the point and we have not found direct authority on the point. . . ." Mr. Cohen petitioned the appellate court in the district for a peremptory writ

of mandate. That was turned down on the ground that the issue should be resolved at the trial-court level.

Great changes have occurred since the days of the Joads in Kern County, which lies at the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley—probably the world's most fertile region. U.S. 99, twisting down from the Tehachapi Mountains and leveling north past Arvin, Weedpatch and other towns on the migrants' route, is now a broad highway. Nondescript public buildings in Bakersfield have been replaced by glittering steel and glass rectangles of ultramodern design. The "Okies" and the "Arkies" who survived the great hunger have adopted the attitudes and manners of California farm folk, even to snarling "union" just like the Establishmentarians.

But once inside the handsome paneled courtroom, changes seemed less fundamental. The old issues were still *the* issues, dividing the courtroom and the case right down the center: human values vs. business license, philosophy vs. technology, concept vs. coin. In the spectators' seats to the right of the entrance sat the crop dusters, those technological experts who defy the laws of gravity by their ability to fly "right on the deck" and who challenge the laws of biology at great risk to themselves as they wage chemical war in the fields. Their work-day confrontations with nature have given them toughness and arrogance.

In the spectators' seats to the left were the farm workers. They, too, had been stamped by their work. Their faces, more varied in structure and richer in hue, ranging from black to brown, yellow and white, had the settled patience of persons who regard nature as process rather than enemy. With them were a number of young men—well educated, totally engaged—for whom Delano and Cesar Chavez have become the center and symbol of a struggle to redefine justice in our time. From their ranks had come the attorney spokesmen: 25-year-old David Averbuck, who went to work for UFWOC last summer because the job "... jibes with my concept of what it's all about," and Jerry Cohen, who became UFWOC general counsel two years ago for similar reasons. Like a good many other young attorneys today, they have rejected the prevailing professional notion that law is an abstract game for the affluent to be lost or won on points. For them, law is a vehicle for delivering justice to all the people.

Beyond the two factions, on the raised bench under the golden state seal, sat Judge George A. Brown. Courteous, grave, interested in the issues, he indicated himself as a man deeply appreciative of the dignity and the proprieties of the law. His task was formidable and of far-reaching consequence. On his decision depended an answer to one of the overwhelming questions of our time: *To what extent can the law and will the law curb the agricultural and chemical entrepreneurs from jeopardizing the health and lives of other men and contaminating, perhaps forever, man's greatest natural resource—the earth itself?*

The union received strong support from experts in its efforts to prove that farm workers and the general public

need protection. A first step, the young lawyers said, is to set up a clinical testing program for agricultural workers, similar to the one now used for pest control company employees. Although scientists are still of divided opinion about the effects on human health of the chlorinated hydrocarbons (the other principal category of insecticides, which includes DDT), they are universally aware of the hazards of the organic phosphates. First developed extensively during the 1930s, some proved so toxic that they were immediately turned over to the military as "perfect" weapons of chemical warfare—deadly enough to wipe out the population of an area without damaging property. One of the more commonly known insecticides of this variety, TEPP, is so poisonous that a single ounce of the stuff is enough to kill about 500 men.

Like other nerve gases, the organic phosphates inhibit the action of a neural enzyme, cholinesterase, which regulates the mechanism by which nerves relax and control muscles. The first symptoms parallel those of relatively harmless irritants: the nose begins to run, vision is blurred. Then the chest is constricted, and breathing becomes more difficult. Finally, the victim's respiratory muscles are fatally impaired. He dies by asphyxiation.

Since death follows so quickly upon the first overt symptoms, the cholinesterase level of persons working commercially with agricultural chemicals—manufacturing, formulating, and applying—is checked frequently. If it is below what is normal for them, they are taken off their jobs until the level has built up again—sometimes they must give up the work, permanently. The need for similar protection for farm workers was underscored by Dr. West's affidavit, which contained the "classic" case of the 16-year-old boy. She described a number of other alarming incidents. In August of 1963, she noted, more than ninety of 6,000 peach pickers in one area became sufficiently ill from parathion (one of the most commonly used organic phosphates) to seek medical aid. Health officials, as a test, checked seventy others in the group who displayed no signs of poisoning. They found that 50 per cent of them showed "significant reduction of red cell and plasma cholinesterase levels, but were either asymptomatic or had not sought medical attention for their symptoms."

Additional evidence of the need to provide safeguards for workers was offered by Edward Lester, director of test laboratories in Fresno and Bakersfield. Contrary to his own financial interests—pest control companies are among his major accounts—he supported the union appeal for tests for farm workers. "Obviously I feel quite strongly about this," he told me later. "I see so many critically ill persons, including children and young people. If proper precautions were taken, people wouldn't die."

The witness who revealed perhaps most clearly the nature and extent of the problem was Dr. Robert Van den Bosch, professor of economic entomology at the University of California. An internationally recognized authority, Dr. Van den Bosch cited economic and biologi-

cal as well as philosophical and moral reasons for halting the unilateral use of insecticides and substituting an "ecological approach."

"Pest control now," he asserted bluntly, "is largely a matter of merchandising." California farmers are being heavily penalized for the "overkill" program, which has often engendered more serious pest problems than those it set out to control. "Good" insects as well as "bad" ones have been ruthlessly exterminated by broad-spectrum materials, creating an ecological imbalance that has often given many species of parasites "license to explode."

By preserving the complex of predators and parasites that affect the whole chain of life, by promoting intelligent crop management and agricultural hygiene, by using highly selective pesticides and biological controls, farmers could realize enormous savings in money, land and men's health and lives. In addition to taking issue with the merchandisers, Dr. Van den Bosch expressed concern about the inadequacy of the tests made by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and with the failure of legislators to declare a moratorium on DDT. "What we are talking about," the scientist said, "is a philosophy."

That was not what some people in the courtroom were talking about. From the standpoint of the pest control operators, the duty of the law was clear and simple: to maintain business as usual. Mr. Wall based his case chiefly on the escape clause in the new California code. Although the code holds access to information about the people's business to be "a fundamental and necessary right of every citizen of this state," it also precludes disclosure of records of law-enforcement agencies and—of obvious interest to big businesses—records possessed by other agencies if they contain trade secrets, geological and geophysical data, plant production, marketing and crop reports "obtained in confidence." The records of pesticide applications contain trade secrets, Wall insisted, that had been given to Commissioner Morley "in confidence."

Arguing forcefully to support Wall on the "trade secrets" clause, as on other points, was county counsel Ralph Jordan, attorney for the defendant, Commissioner Morley. It is novel in a courtroom to find the attorneys for plaintiff and defendant on the same side of the table, sharing the same witnesses, citing the same precedents, making the same appeals. And the alliance between public officials and private operators in this instance was rendered more ironic by another "chemical case" going on. At one point, the hearing was recessed so that a jury could bring in its verdict and Judge Brown could pass sentence. Defendants were two rather frayed young women; one very blonde, one very brunette, both looking sadly in need of vitamin D. While working at a place called the Hillbilly Ranch, they had sold—according to the felony charges for which they were given prison terms—\$6 worth of seconal and amphetamine tablets to a police informer. The prosecuting attorneys, like the jurors, wore expressions of outrage at the violations of public health and safety—to say nothing of public morality.

Mr. Jordan expressed even greater outrage about the

union's demand to see the records. In his zeal to protect the trade secrets of Wall's clients, he questioned Dr. Van den Bosch so fiercely that Judge Brown was once forced to ask him to "stand back a little, please." He scoffed about the "somewhat ethereal question of whether the public interest of disclosure outweighs the public interest



of confidentiality"; he dismissed affidavits of injured workers as "a pile of garbage."

Commissioner Morley was so solicitous about the applicators' trade secrets that he could have been mistaken for Wall's confidential clerk. Animation is not the commissioner's distinguishing characteristic, but one of the occasions when he seemed more person than portrait occurred in the corridor outside the courtroom after Dr. John Swift, another University of California entomologist, had testified. He had been summoned by UFWOC's opponents chiefly, it seemed clear, to counter the testimony of his colleague. The commissioner was delighted with Dr. Swift's performance: "They were trying to put you on the spot," he thwacked the expert on the shoulder heartily, "but you came through fine, fella."

It was thus easy to understand the passion in Cohen's voice when he talked about UFWOC as public defender. "I think it is inefficient to rely on government agencies," he retorted sharply to a comment by Mr. Wall. "We don't trust government agencies. We rely on ourselves and would rather rely on public law."

That even in best regulated California, laws governing pesticides are not firm enough to warrant anyone's reliance became more apparent in the months that followed. Four weeks after the concluding summaries were presented, Judge Brown formally instructed Commissioner Morley to continue to keep the records secret. Disclosure, he said, "would seriously hamper the essential cooperation existing between all segments of the pesticide industry and the farmers on the one hand with the commissioner on the other."

Supporting his decision, Judge Brown referred to the applicators' argument that if their records were disclosed, unlicensed grower-owners would do the spraying themselves. That they could take on the job is an open question, since commercial application has become a big business in California, which now uses about 25 per cent of the nation's agricultural pesticides. Furthermore, if and when growers did indicate that they were willing to get the equipment and manpower, the state could insist that as "commercial applicators" they must obtain licenses and keep records.

The important issue, by-passed in the decision, is that pesticides are no longer anyone's *private* business. Every person in this country and in most others carries within himself appreciable concentrations of economic poisons. There is no hiding place; pesticide residues have been found in creatures at ocean depths and mountain heights from the Arctic to the Antarctic. The milk of some nursing mothers in the United States contains such an intolerable level of residue that if it were cow's milk it could not be sold.

Because of problems of drift and persistence and biological magnification, both Republican and Democratic legislators have been joining Sen. Gaylord Nelson in seeking to ban the ubiquitous DDT. Arizona declared a year-long moratorium last January after its dairy and honey industries were threatened; Michigan acted this spring when the condemnation of coho salmon from its principal lake jeopardized a commercial and tourist boom; California's legislature is considering a bill submitted by state Sen. John A. Nejedly to impose a gradual ban on its use—in his original measure even the possession of DDT would have been outlawed. A formidable case was made in Wisconsin by conservationists working with the Environmental Defense Fund. And early in July, the U.S. Department of Agriculture emerged from its lethargy long enough to order a thirty-day suspension for DDT—time out for "review."

The rising voice of protest occasioned by the speed with which Rachel Carson's "fable for the future" is being translated into current scientific reports is not without danger, however. A ban on DDT—and it should be banned—may lull the country into the comforting delusion that the problem has been solved. Although other chlorinated hydrocarbons are less likely to drift and are less persistent, neither they nor the highly toxic organic phosphates are being employed selectively enough so that

people, both workers and nonworkers, can be protected.

Scientists are no longer asking if pesticides pose a health hazard. Their problem now is to determine to what extent all human beings—who are unwittingly serving as guinea pigs in the vast uncontrolled field tests—have been damaged, perhaps irreversibly. Responsible investigators associate the chemicals with a terrifying list of afflictions: toxic hepatitis, many varieties of cancer, disfunctions of the enzyme systems, embryonic malformation, kidney disorders, and other chronic and degenerative diseases. And the toll will continue to mount, according to recent reports about their mutagenicity.

Several weeks ago Charles A. O'Brien, chief deputy in the California attorney general's office, took significant action to support the UFWOC appeal from Judge Brown's decision upholding the sanctity of "trade secrets." Explaining his intervention in a suit filed by a farm worker in Riverside against the county agricultural commissioner, O'Brien said: "We believe there's a constitutional right to know on behalf of the public which transcends the cloak of privilege." At least 1,000 Californians were injured by pesticides last year, he noted; the agriculture files cannot remain closed since "they may involve life and death for future Californians."

He, like others, expressed concern that the regulatory agencies "too often" are oriented toward the regulated rather than the public. It is no secret that they, along with educational institutions, have been too intimately involved with the merchandisers. The thalidomide trial now going on in Germany and other episodes involving the drug industry offer terrible warnings about the risks incurred when chemist-businessmen dictate public policy. With pesticides the risk is even greater. It may well be, as some experts say, that the contamination of the biosphere has passed the point of no return—that the dose already administered has been fatal.

Belfast: 'In Glorious Remembrance'

CAREY McWILLIAMS

On the afternoon of July 11 the Union Jack flew from virtually every house in Protestant working-class areas of Belfast. Youngsters were gathering materials for the big bonfires of the night to come: rubbish, scrap lumber, old divans and chairs, ironing boards, old auto tires, anything flammable, in huge piles. In windows and from wires stretched across streets with such distinguished English names as Earl, Brougham, Spencer, Canning, various representations of King William of Orange astride his mount, in full battle regalia, were flamboyantly exhibited "in glorious remembrance" of his victory over the Catholic forces of James II at the Battle of the Boyne, July 12, 1690.

As darkness descended, I walked the streets watching the fires. The flames shooting high, the pall of smoke,

and the ominous roll of drums created a weird voodoo effect.

The smoke, forming strange shapes as it billowed upward, set the stage for this strange Walpurgis night scene. At midnight the fires were still blazing, their plumes of smoke caught in the overcast, and the air was thick with grime and soot and the stench of burning rubbish. Firemen were spraying water on the walls of homes and storefronts in an effort to reduce the fire hazard which, to an outsider, seemed grave indeed. Police were everywhere, in the alleys, at street intersections, in riot cars parked in side streets. I saw some fights and witnessed a few arrests; the Orange club contingents had been arriving all day, by car, bus, train, boat and plane, and the baiting and brawling had started.

During the early hours of the evening I watched dozens of these groups as they poured out of the railway station:

men, women and children, old and young, country folk for the most part. Boys and girls moved in separate packs, yelling, dancing, whooping it up. Later I watched these invaders move slowly out Sandy Row to "the field" on the outskirts of the city, where the big meetings and the speech making take place. Auto traffic was heavy and the sidewalks were crowded. Many country boys were drunk for the first time—beer-drunk—and lampposts were sprayed with vomit. Tired, drunken old men swigged and muttered on steps and curbs. All over Belfast big black plumes of smoke met the overcast and the acrid stench of burning rubbish got worse as the night wore on. The drums never stopped beating, the yelling grew louder, and the street and sidewalk dancing increased in tempo. I followed the procession part of the way "to the field" and then dropped out, shaken and slightly nauseated by what I had seen and heard and smelled.

The next morning I had a marvelous view of the two-hour march of 40,000 Orangemen—325 lodges, more than 150 bands (pipes, accordions, flutes, "silver," military, brass, mixed, most hired for the occasion)—from the second-floor windows of the *Irish News*. To the staff, the Twelfth is an old story. Most of them, as most Catholics in Belfast, try to ignore it. But a few of them had assembled to brief me and, for the occasion, had a bottle of excellent Scotch and glasses ready, by way of seeing to it that I was braced as well. They had told me, a few nights before, that the parade had to be seen to be believed. I saw it but am still not sure that I believe what I saw. Twenty such demonstrations were held this year; the march in Belfast was the largest of the lot, but the others were not exactly small; 100 lodges and bands paraded in Enniskell. The demonstrations are attended each year by contingents from the south of Ireland, from Glasgow, Toronto ("the Belfast of Canada") and elsewhere. David Holden reports in the *London Times* that there is nothing now left in Britain remotely like the combination of prayer and patriotism, swagger and piety, and crude bacchanalia of a Twelfth celebration, and I believe him. This year's was the largest ever and the most intense. The graffiti, I was told, were more insulting and obscene than ever. The July 12th demonstrations are staged as a calculated provocation, designed to beef up the self-assertion of the Orangemen and to demonstrate that they are, and intend to remain, top dogs.

Leading the Belfast parade this year were some devotees of Dr. Ian Kyle Paisley, selling photographs of their leader. Then came the various clubs and lodges, most of them preceded by bands. The first contingents were the best dressed, with bowler hats or "Anthony Edens" (Homburgs), in their Sunday best, with white gauntlets, orange sashes and the collarette of the Orange order, puffed with pride, ruddy with stout. Some of them carried scythes, spears and drawn swords but the umbrella seemed to be the favorite weapon or badge of distinction. Some wore sprigs of orange lilies or carnations with fern leaves in their lapels. Many lodges were preceded by a man who carried a Bible, reposing on a

purple or red cushion under glass, with a cross over the case. Some bands had one or two girls or a majorette but it was distinctly—and emphatically—a parade of adult males. Some wives, I was told, those who go shopping in ankle socks and hair curlers, are more "true blue," loyal to the order, than their husbands. In the entire line of march there were few beards and not more than half a dozen young men with long hair. The lodges toward the rear were less well-dressed, more miscellaneous types.

Orangemen have a distinctive strut and swagger as well as several special dance steps. The marching tunes get monotonous but the bands beat up a storm of sound. The bands used to play jazz tunes or popular songs, but this year the music was strictly Orange-martial. On and on the lodges came, each with its banner. "The Whitehill Temperance Lodge," "The British Defenders," "The Albert Hall Total Temperance Lodge," "The Ulster Defenders," "The Rising Sons of Portadown," "The True Blue Loyal Lodge," "Belfast Heroes," "The Lord Carson Memorial Lodge," "The Duke of Kent Memorial Lodge," "The Belfast Dockers," "St. Luke's Defenders," "The Loyal Bakers," and so on; and the bands: "The Mayhill Flute Band of Glasgow," "The Wellington Flute Band," "The York Road Girls" (accordion players, very natty in red and blue costumes), "The Fairhill Fife and Drum Corps" and more of the same. The Glasgow bands were the wildest. Lodges carried huge banners with such inscriptions as: "In glorious, pious and immortal memory of William III," and "My Faith Goes Up to Thee."

The street crowds were smiling but did not seem ecstatic. One got the impression that they had turned out, mostly oldsters, wives, and small fry, to wave to their menfolk as they strutted past. Almost every lodge carried a temperance banner but whenever a contingent paused in front of the *Irish News* office, as many did, a half dozen or so would hastily remove their Orange regalia and rush into the back door of a pub across the street for a quick one before rejoining their brothers in temperance. The parade, despite the yelling and boozing of the night before, was orderly enough, but the Twelfth has little in common with, say, St. Patrick's Day in New York. It is not the kind of spectacle in which the entire community can participate; it is partisan, arrogant and provocative. Year after year, there are fights, brawls and violence. And in some years the 12th of July is followed by further demonstrations on the 12th of August, when Orangemen celebrate the lifting of the siege of Londonderry in the year 1689. (This was written before the riots in Londonderry on August 12.)

The next day, July 13, a Sunday, I visited Londonderry (Derry if you are Catholic). There had been a wild night of street fighting. From the top of Waterloo Street to the intersection with Williams Street at its foot, and along Williams Street for several long blocks, nearly every shop window had been smashed and most of the stores gutted. The streets were thick with broken glass. Cars had been overturned and burned. Crowds were milling up and down the streets, surveying the damage; oddly enough,



King William III

they were smiling and pleasant. Those I spoke to agreed that the trouble had started the night before when a contingent of Orangemen, full of beer and Ulster exuberance, descended into the city from the old walls on the hill. They had begun to bait the street crowds who had baited back and the fighting had started. The police were unable or unwilling to stop it. The battle began about 10 o'clock in the evening and went on until about 5 A.M. More than 103 persons were injured, including fifty police, and one man was killed. Again and again I was told there would be more trouble, and after a look around Londonderry I could well believe it. The unemployment rate is very high, the slums wretched, and the Catholic "underclass," particularly the young, are angry and rebellious. Some British papers reported that the fighting had been started by Irish nationalists, but the clear source of the unrest is to be found in the massive oppression of the Catholic minority and the systematic discrimination practiced against it. This discrimination—in housing, employment, voting rights, education (for example, the decision to locate a new university in Coleraine rather than in Londonderry)—has been thoroughly documented and is beyond dispute. Now and then the sole Protestant resident in a predominantly Catholic block may complain of harassment, but it is minor compared with the treatment of the Catholic minority.

Of the numerous senseless antagonisms of this wicked

world, none is more absurd than this "Remember the Boyne!" "Kill the Pope!" foolishness. Joseph Devlin, the gentle-mannered, kindly editor of the *Irish Weekly*, told me he thought it would take "about two generations more" before the madness would abate. Martin Dillon, his assistant, a young man in his 20s, agreed. They may be right. At the moment there is little evidence that the fervor of the Orange element is abating; lodge membership has increased. Oddly enough the Orange order, founded in 1795, stems from the Republican tradition of the period but was later commandeered by the landed gentry and became, as it is today, the driving force in the Unionist Party. Some estimates give the order a membership of 200,000 which is quite a force in a Protestant population of 1 million, and membership is virtually a precondition for nomination by the Unionists. Despite the fact that its membership has increased, the Orange order is worried. It is trying to get still a tighter grip on the Unionist Party and, in the process, is creating new tensions in the party. As Dr. Daniel MacSparran, publisher of the *Irish News*, put it to me, the order is currently exhibiting "the violence of uncertainty."

And worried it should be, for winds of change are blowing in Northern Ireland. For one thing, a good deal of time has elapsed since Ireland was partitioned. Some of the bitterness has subsided. The emergence of a responsible government in the South—one that has leaned over backward to be fair to its small Protestant minority—has been reassuring. The meeting between Sean Lemass and Terence O'Neill on January 14, 1965—the first meeting of Prime Ministers of the two parts of Ireland—was a sign that times were changing, even if little came of it. Thanks in large part to the influence of Pope John XXIII, Cardinal Conway notes "a very marked change in the Church in Ireland." Television—particularly British programs picked up in both the North and South—has broadened perspectives. Tourism has had a similar influence. The activities of I.R.A. gunmen in the North, which never failed to stiffen Unionist intransigence, have largely ceased. Rising educational levels have helped also. A member of the faculty at Queen's University told me that the abler students of the better-off Protestant families are now attending British universities in increasing numbers; many do not return to Northern Ireland but those who do often take an enlightened view of religious differences. At the same time, more of the abler Catholic students are attending Queen's, which is vaguely Protestant, and tend to remain in Northern Ireland. Catholics constitute 37 per cent of the population, but number about 51 per cent of the children of school age. Some of them emigrate later, though, and since more Catholics than Protestants leave, the growth of the Catholic population relative to the Protestant is not as significant as one might expect. But even so the long-term increase in the Catholic population is said to have convinced Mr. O'Neill that some means would have to be found to broaden the base of the Unionist Party. By Unionist standards a fair-minded man, O'Neill agreed to meet with Lemass and,

later, in response to mounting civil rights pressures and protests, promised certain minor reforms. But in the end he failed to win the backing of his party and resigned. However, the fact that he promised reforms is itself a significant admission that winds of change are blowing.

A more significant sign of change is the emergence of Ian Paisley, a Presbyterian cleric who beats the Orange drums with a vengeance. Politically he threatens to split the Unionist Party into three elements: Paisleyites, i.e., hard-liners; a middle "commercial" element under the leadership of Brian Faulkner, Minister of Development; and the landed gentry. Paisley is an embarrassment to the more sophisticated among the gentry, who have controlled the government of Northern Ireland since 1920. His manners are objectionable and his obduracy a threat to the established leadership; he has viciously assailed many prominent British religious leaders, much to the embarrassment of the British Tories and Anglican elements in Northern Ireland. Some of the landed gentry leaders have been forced out of the Orange order and others have left; the more knowledgeable know that the government must bend a bit, must make some concessions, but Paisley bars the way. The present Prime Minister, James Chichester-Clark, is a transitional figure and will probably be succeeded by Brian Faulkner, an able, energetic cabinet officer who has a business or "commercial" background. Should he succeed Chichester-Clark he will be the first Prime Minister not to belong to the gentry. Less liberal than O'Neill, Faulkner has at least adopted the "One Man, One Vote" position for local elections, but with no promise that election districts will be drawn more fairly.

In brief Paisley threatens the Unionists with what they have always feared, a split in the party. The traditional Unionists have strong ties with the British Tories who find themselves embarrassed, to some extent, by what has been happening in Northern Ireland. British Tories are becoming increasingly ecumenical in outlook, more responsive to small-nation pressure in the UN, more inclined to maintain privilege by political means rather than by strong-arm pressure. A major blow-up would be deeply embarrassing to them as well as to the British Labour Party. Relations with the United States, the Common Market issue, concern over nationalist trends in Scotland and Wales, the world-wide ferment over civil rights, not to mention the size of the Irish vote in Britain, make both British parties extremely sensitive to the situation in Northern Ireland. The Cameron Commission has completed its investigations and its report is due this month. Whatever its findings and recommendations, the report is more likely to add to the civil rights ferment than to dampen it.

In spite of the fact that the Unionists, backed by Britain, have entrenched themselves in power by every known gerrymandering device, the opposition could, in theory, mount an effective attack on the one-party system. The Unionist Party shows the familiar symptoms of

blindness and ineptitude that forty-eight-year tenure of office might be expected to produce. It has had no effective competition and has fought every campaign since 1922 on exactly the same issue—the connection with Britain must be maintained at all costs. With no experience in office, the opposition parties have found it difficult to project new policies and programs. For one thing, they suffer from a dearth of data: they have never had a chance to examine the archives. More important, the opposition has been unable to achieve the unity which the Unionists have maintained until now. The Irish Nationalists have harped on partition and have been largely concerned with defending the Catholic minority rather than building support for a winning coalition. The Labour Party is split. Belfast is a strong union town but Protestants have for years monopolized the skilled crafts, with most Catholics relegated to the unskilled trades. Belfast labor has fought some great battles on strictly trade union issues but the leadership shies away from political issues—partition for example—that, if pressed, might divide the labor movement. Then too most Belfast unions are affiliated with British parent organizations. Union leadership, as one might expect, is largely in Protestant hands.

For a number of shopkeepers, government employees (at all levels), and white- and blue-collar workers, a card in the Orange order is a guarantee of employment; in effect a meal ticket. Protestant workers support the order not so much because they dislike or distrust Catholics as because there aren't enough good jobs to go around. The correlation of religious affiliation and job status is striking. For example, most of the shops and stores in Belfast are Protestant owned and operated but the liquor shops and bars are a Catholic preserve. To get drunk, Orangemen must patronize Catholic owned and operated pubs. If it came to a showdown on a key issue, many Protestant workers would vote for the Unionists, not for Labour; in fact many of them vote that way most of the time despite their labor union membership. There are some splinter parties but they have not been of much importance. Suffice it to say that the "out" parties have never been able to function as an effective parliamentary opposition. In the last election the Unionists ended up with more seats in the Stormont—the local parliament—than they had held when the election was called. The elimination of proportional representation has not made it any easier for the divided opposition to win seats.

But the emergence of a new force—the civil rights movement—is now shifting the old alignments. The movement has drawn Protestant as well as Catholic support, and has some support from elements of the faculty and student body at Queen's University. Initially the movement sought to concern itself solely with civil rights in an effort to win the broadest support. But it is now clear that it must increasingly be concerned with social and economic issues. "One Man, One Vote" needs to be supplemented with "One Man, One Job." Essentially the hope for a "new politics" in Northern Ireland consists in the possibility of convincing Protestants, particularly

the young and educated labor elements (teachers, for example), that their interests can best be served by breaking the Unionist monopoly of power and bringing in new programs, new policies and a new leadership. Fifty years of Unionist rule have not been exactly glorious. But issues broader than civil rights and partition are needed to build an effective coalition. British subsidies, notably for social services, have created vested interests in "the connection" with Britain, at least for the time being. The Republic of Ireland cannot match these services at the present time. Social services were late in arriving—they have come along for the most part since the war—and they do not yet measure up to British standards, but they are fairly administered so that even Catholics have a stake in them.

Most of the persons I interviewed were inclined to soft-pedal partition for the moment but ultimately it is the crucial issue. In many respects the border is quite unreal; people move freely back and forth across it (I saw border posts that were unattended by guards). Important organizations function on an all-Ireland basis, including the churches and the Orange order. Nevertheless, unification would enable the energies of all the people, North and South, to be focused on critical economic problems, such as development of a power grid, the establishment of an atomic power plant, the development of fisheries and the fishing industry, tourism, industrialization, agriculture and trade. There is some trade now principally in cattle, but the die-hard Unionists hold back out of fear that flourishing North-South trade relations would lead to political unification. Unification would not solve Ireland's economic problems but it would release energies that could be focused on these problems. A partitioned nation is essentially a crippled nation.

Unification will not be brought about "by the gun." It could happen, I was told, in one of two ways: serious disorders might force the British to intervene or, in time, the opposition might win a majority of seats in the Stormont. The theory is that British military intervention would destroy the mystique of the British "connection." But no British Government is likely to intervene unless asked to do so by the government of Northern Ireland and such aid would not be requested short of conditions bordering on civil war. The government—that is the Unionist Party—has 10,000 special forces and the Royal Ulster Constabulary (3,000) at its disposal. These are not impartial forces. Overwhelmingly Protestant in composition, they function as a partisan arm of the Unionist Party. The Ireland Act of 1949, although passed for a different purpose, contains a provision that "in no event will Northern Ireland or any part thereof cease to be part of Her Majesty's Dominions and of the United Kingdom without the consent of the parliament of Northern Ireland." So the most obvious way to end partition is to win control of the Stormont.

The key to political change is to be found in the possibility of getting the younger and better educated elements, Catholics and Protestants, to work together.

That this can be done, the experience of the civil rights movement attests. Many Protestants suffer from what might be called an "identity" problem. They think of themselves as "British" but they are more Irish than they know. As Betty Sinclair, secretary of the Belfast Trades Council, said to me: "They have to work in Britain a while before they realize they are Irish." On the other hand, many Catholics were, until recently, so discouraged by the weight of discrimination that they had abandoned hope of change. When the civil rights movement decided to stage a sit-down protest in Londonderry, journalists converged on the city to see what would happen. One reporter told me that he had been assured, by excellent local sources, that the sit-down would be a bust. The people would not support it and the attempt to stage it would merely advertise Catholic weakness.

It was raining as the hour approached for the sit-down. Only a handful of people had assembled and they did not seem to know just what to do or why they were there. Some newsmen took one look at the scene and were prepared to phone in stories that the demonstration had not come off. But then an old man, in a cap, slowly removed his raincoat, folded it neatly and sat down on it in the rain. Others began to do the same and miraculously the courtyard began to fill with people. The new surge of confidence and hope in the Catholic sector is as much a miracle, in a way, as the sight of Catholics and Protestants marching together in the Dungannon protest—the first major civil rights demonstration.

The energies which the civil rights movement has released will not dissipate; the causes for the unrest are much too basic. New and effective means of protest—marches, demonstrations, and the like—have been tested and will be repeated; and, thanks to television, the world, including the British public, is getting the message. (Currently an attempt is being made to induce television to practice a form of self-censorship in covering protests but it is not likely to succeed.) The appearance in Westminster of such spokesmen as Gerry Fitt and Bernadette Devlin has forced Parliament to pay some attention to what is happening in Northern Ireland. A group of a hundred or so MPs have banded together to express their concern. No British Government, Labour or Tory, would want to see the situation there get out of hand; hence there will be sustained pressure from London for a measure of reform. And more and more Unionist leaders now recognize the necessity for change. In an off-the-record session with newsmen, a Unionist cabinet officer confessed that the recent disorders had seriously set back the government's efforts to induce foreign firms to open plants in Northern Ireland. The die-hard Unionists will not yield their monopoly of power without a fight, but this monopoly cannot be preserved much longer.

Northern Ireland is a small country, 1,500,000 population, 5,242 square miles. You can hike across and around it with no great effort. But within its borders most of the major political issues of the modern world can be studied

in microcosmic form. Precisely because the scale is so small, the meaning and ramification of these issues can be seen with exceptional clarity. Name the issue and Ulster has it. "Partition" politics (Ulster is the classic case), colonialism, neo-colonialism, regional discrimination (the way Belfast and the east coast ports discriminate against the West), ethnic differences, the techniques of demagogues, the interaction of class with religion and race, and of religion with class, politics and economics,

one-party politics, the problems of small states, all these and many other issues of comparable importance can be studied to advantage in Northern Ireland. In Pareto's terms, "derivations" and "residues" abound and even Sorel could have learned something about myths and the uses and limitations of violence from the charged and heady politics of this minuscule state. It may be the graveyard of politicians but it is a happy hunting ground for political scientists.

POP SEX AMONG THE SQUARES

DESMOND SMITH

Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, is on the staff of C.B.S. News.

Not long ago, Russ Meyer, who likes to think of himself as America's top "nudie" film maker, produced *Good Morning . . . and Goodbye!* The *New York Post* called it "a smutty sex show" and complained that the dialogue "would embarrass a third-rate burlesque comic." But weep no tears for Russ. Every one of his more than twenty movies has grossed at least four times its cost. And his early masterpiece, *The Immortal Mr. Teas*—made on a G-string budget of \$24,000—has returned well over \$1 million.

Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley put up \$175 apiece to start *Screw*, a 50c-a-copy tabloid that promised in its first issue to "uncover the entire world of sex. We will be the *Consumer's Report* of sex, testing new products such as dildoes, rubbers, and artificial vaginas." Two months ago the editors flatly rejected a \$50,000 offer to buy them out. "It sounds silly," Jim Buckley told Claudia Dreifus of *New York Scenes*, "but one day I'd like to see a giant skyscraper. 'The Screw Building'—it would be penis-shaped, of course. One of these days, you'll see, we'll be so big that the building will be called Time, Life and Screw!"

Jacqueline Susann, who told *The Wall Street Journal* that she is a "conservative moralist," made her fame and fortune typing *Valley of the Dolls*, a book that sold 10 million copies and is now in its fifty-third paperback printing. Miss Susann's latest stint at the typewriter begat *The Love Machine*, a novel which deals with the sadistic love affairs of a TV mogul named Robin Stone. Wrote Nora Ephron in a favorable *New York Times Book Review* article: "Sweaters are always being ripped open in Miss Susann's books. Pants are always being frantically unzipped. And everyone is always wanting everyone else." Sold to Columbia Pictures for \$1.5 million and number one on the best-seller charts, Miss Susann's only rival is *Portnoy's Complaint*. "It's wild," Michael Korda, editor in chief at Simon & Schuster, told the *Times*. "You have these two giant books out at the same time and their merits aside, one of them is about masturbation and the other is about successful heterosexual love.

If there's any justice in the world, *The Love Machine* ought to knock *Portnoy* off the top simply because it's a step in the right direction."

Meyer, Goldstein, Buckley and Susann are in the "if you got it, so flaunt it, baby" tradition. Each has found the big dollar in catering to what Russ Meyer calls "the pant-and-drool crowd." One might guess that in the waning 1960s—the "Late Sensate" period, Herman Kahn calls it—spectator sex is the opiate of the people. One might also suppose by studying the thematic material—wife-swapping, flagellation, sadism, autoeroticism, nymphomania, homosexuality, Lesbianism, masochism—that the private sex life of America is completely wrecked. Only partly true. The pop pornographers don't have the complete file yet, but they're working on it.

A decade ago, the Granahan committee of the House denounced the billion-dollar-a-year mail-order commerce in salacious materials; today it appears to have mushroomed into one of the most competitive of the new "growth" industries. Pop pornography, which is the slick version of what once was called "smut," has become the bluest of the blue chips. What has happened is what always happens to any industry that enjoys extraordinary profit margins: unless it is enjoined by statute or possesses an ability to control the market, it must make elbow room for sharp-eyed competitors lusting to share those juicy profits. For reasons that will be explained later, it is above and beyond all else a peculiarly middle-class phenomenon. Pop pornography is the new white-collar obsession. Lingerie manufacturers and Sunday newspapers revel in it. The *Ladies' Home Journal* abandons faithful Princess Grace and the Duchess of Windsor in favor of serializing Jacqueline Susann. Kenneth Tynan approves. *Time* profiles it. Broadway musicals extol it. Suburban housewives pant and lust for it. And, since the United States is a consumer society that thrives on satisfying wants and desires, what is pop pornography if not the ingenious one-handed icing on the manufacturers' cake? In short, sex has become very big business indeed.

In the 1930s D. H. Lawrence wrote:

The plain and simple excitement, quite open and wholesome, which you find in some Boccaccio stories is

not for a minute to be confused with the furtive excitement aroused by rubbing the dirty little secret in all secrecy in modern best-sellers. This furtive, sneaky, cunning rubbing of an inflamed spot in the imagination is the very quick of modern pornography, and it is a beastly and very dangerous thing.

Thirty years later he would almost certainly feel the same way if he could walk the aisles of the drugstores of America and examine the latest selection of paperbacks and magazines.

When our mass magazines, to name but a single source, tell us we are "liberated" and enjoying the "sexual revolution," why are some of us suspicious? A large part of the answer is that this so-called "new permissiveness" has the ring of the cash register about it. It is a liberalization of sexual morality within prescribed institutional limits. The kind of true sexual freedom that must evolve out of continuing social change, *pace* Fromm and Marcuse, is still light years away from any kind of reality.

What we are now observing is a commercial happening, like Father's Day or National Shoe Week. As a merchandising technique it has added untold points to the Dow Jones average. Sex sells. So what is now taking place is an industrialization of our ideas and our dreams. In case you haven't been paying attention, your subconscious has become part of the Gross National Product. To latch onto the head-over-pillow profits in sex the pop pornographers—writers, movie makers, advertising men, journalists and manufacturers—have had to package the erotic element in sex, and to package sex they have had to restructure the national psyche. Tougher to remove than any household stain has been that bugaboo, the Puritan ethic. In recent months, as you have no doubt read, it looks as though the big breakthrough has finally occurred—the orgasm has finally replaced the old rugged cross as the joyous symbol of what we are all about. "The 60's," says Dr. William Masters (*Human Sexual Response*) "will be called the decade of orgasmic preoccupation."

The mirror image of that phallic symbol of America's technological prowess—Saturn V with its 2 million functional parts—is the "Love Machine," the pneumatically endowed Playmate who implores us to "take it all off" in TV commercials, examine her unshaved genitalia (next to a whisky advertisement in *Playboy*, live the good bad life in best-seller novels, and join her in the Dodge "rebellion" down at the nearest automobile showroom. ("Mother warned me that there would be men like you, driving cars like that. Do you really think you can get to me with that long, low, tough machine you just rolled up in?") The programming that supports this decaying morality is grounded largely on a syntax of manipulation. Women, says Roxanne Dunbar in *A Journal of Female Liberation*, "are particularly the victims of the machination, programmed as we are to be wife, mother, childbirth expert, sex object, career woman, stay-at-home, mechanic, chauffeur, and yet offered as the stylistic model a mod, free jet-setter. What this does is keep her buying things which symbolize those roles, since playing all of

them is impossible, and buying things that symbolize freedom like bright-colored clothes, jewelry, etc. . . ." Like the astronauts we are becoming extensions of the market technology. And as the moon shot was reduced to a blatant sales pitch for American free enterprise, albeit subsidized by the taxpayer ("The soles of the boots you saw are made of GE silicone rubber. . . . NASA has been launching a missile the size of a building. If some time soon, they launch a building, it will be a Hilton—the Lunar Hilton," and so on), so too is the sexual sphere reduced to a commodity—a cluster image that possesses neither humanity nor grace but simply another merchandising lever. Much of this new attitude and most of pop pornography's expansion has come in the last twelve years.

It was the Supreme Court's decision in *Roth vs. United States* (1957) with its ambiguous definition of obscenity, that gave the pop pornographers the impetus to expansion, rather than any sudden erotic renaissance. In that decision, involving a California bookseller, the Court measured obscenity by "whether, to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interests." The grotesque notion that Sam Roth, with a twenty-six-count indictment covering the mailing



of obscene pictures, photographs, magazines and books, could pose as the champion of literary freedom had important consequences. As far as pop pornographers were concerned, the Roth decision prepared the way for other departures from the claim of community conscience. It was like the first visit of a respectable citizen to the town brothel. As he sneaks along in the half-light he hopes his neighbors will not observe him; if they do see him and say nothing, the next time he takes courage, until he is as indifferent to being observed on his way to the brothel as on his way to church. The Roth decision has of course touched everyone, but it has had its biggest impact on middle-class America. Twenty years ago the white-collar class was already the willing victim of an exploitative society. The cheery suburban American way of life illustrated by Norman Rockwell, the strong happy-go-lucky Western families who settled a Big Valley or a Ponderosa were all magazine or prime TV time mythology by 1950. The absence of any order of belief "makes him [the average citizen] excellent material for synthetic moulding at the hands of popular culture—print, film, radio, and television," wrote C. Wright Mills in the early fifties. "As a metropolitan dweller, he is especially open to the focused onslaught of all the manufactured loyalties and distractions that are contrived and urgently pressed upon those who live in worlds they never made."

The commercial exploitation of the Roth decision can now be found—a decade later—in a massive take-over of our fantasy life. So the sexual sphere becomes the new marketing mode; it is what consumers have in common with one another; it is the steady destruction of the ultimate human freedom in commercial bondage to the sexual. The mentality of pop pornographers can be studied by examining the kind of movies they produce, the magazines they edit, the newspapers they print, the advertisements they write. The really astonishing thing common to all such material is its generally sex-negative attitude. The mirror they hold up reflects a middle-class America in which there is a great deal of sexual misery. Characteristically, the new sex vendors fail to provide the clues to understanding the national sex hang-up. The profit side of the ledger is to be found in merchandising the debasing, dehumanizing, degrading aspects of sexuality; it is sexual adventurism rather than sexual love that is the true grit of this trade.

Despite the popular belief to the contrary—a belief created by confusing the availability of pornographic material (no matter how vicious) with sexual health—the pornographic racketeers have never shown the slightest enthusiasm for a social morality that might precondition man for genuine sexual freedom. So in sex education. Its grace is what it means to be a man or a woman, a subject long under the interdict of the common bigot. In the elementary and secondary schools of Houston, otherwise known as the base camp for the moon, the children of space-age technicians learn that plants and animals have reproductive systems, but when it comes to people their teachers stand silent. Sex education is not allowed in the schools of Harris County, nor, for for that matter, in more than half the schools of this nation. So because the franchise

of sexual health is at the mercy of religious fundamentalists, minor political aspirants, and bumper-sticker conservatives, sex in most communities is still taught as it was when President Lincoln was in the White House—behind the candy store or in the dark. Now for the answering results. One in three brides pregnant at time of marriage; a national divorce rate that is rising half again as fast as the marriage rate; venereal disease among teen-agers: more than 90,000 cases reported in 1968, an increase of 80 per cent since 1956; about a quarter of all military draftees unfit for duty due to neuroses of familial or sexual origin. It is, pointedly, one of the horrors of growing up—and growing up, especially for a middle-class kid, is nowadays a genuine horror—that the young are confronted by so much hypocrisy at home. What you behold, sweeping a glance over suburbia, is the end result of this bogus, commercially inspired "pleasure ethic." It is there, out among the Big Boy power mowers, Sears drapes, and the Sentinel burglar alarms where the porn is really green.

Pop pornography is aimed at the widest possible market—the groin of suburbia. Here are the avid consumers of the breathy novels of Jacqueline Susann, Irving Wallace, Harold Robbins and the rest of the rich and prospering school of one-handed fiction; of movies such as *The Fox*, *Prudence and the Pill* and *Three Into Two Won't Go*; of the women's magazines that have followed *Cosmopolitan's* market break into the New Sex ("Adultery for Adults: Probably the Farthest-Out Advice You'll Ever Read on Marriage!") and *Mademoiselle* ("Sex: The New Status Symbol. What, Why, and Where It Is Sexy. The All-Time Like-It-Is Roundup"). Here on the coffee table is the interior fantasy world outside PTA, Laundromats, office squabbles and school lunches. Meanwhile for Dad's brief case and bathroom reading is *Playboy*. Embraced by *Business Week* recently as the magazine totally right for the late 1960s, *Playboy* (5.5 million copies a month, read by 12 million men) has reached the point where, from its wholly owned 37-story headquarters (topped by a "Bunny Beacon") chief stockholder and publisher Hugh Marston Hefner can look out on an empire that includes *Playboy* (\$25 million in ad revenues last year) and a nineteen-unit chain of *Playboy* clubs and resorts, and a motion picture division, and a syndicated TV series, *Playboy After Dark*. "Ten years ago," says a media buyer at J. Walter Thompson, the world's largest advertising agency, "none of our clients would have dared use *Playboy*. Today it's a routine buy."

Sex sells. And by any yardstick this commercial take-over of the middle-class subconscious must be reckoned a prodigious financial success. Giving pop pornography respectability has been a fantastic challenge, and a challenge that has involved jettisoning the Gospel of Work for the fun ethic. A far tougher nut the pleasure merchandisers have had to crack is organized religion in America. At the heart of things, beyond all the slippery arguments for a healthy hedonistic society, the question curls: hedonism for what? Hefner has chosen to meet the

religious question head-on, recognizing that his main job is not to sell *Playboy* but to give moral permission to have fun without guilt. "By stressing self-denial and heavenly reward," argues Hefner [religion] "has kept man from enjoying, without guilt, the fruits of his earthly labors and to that extent is incompatible with the free enterprise system." Given the kind of demand the pop pornographers have created there is no reason why sales and earnings will not continue rising in the years ahead. Pornography, in a few brief years, has moved from an under-the-counter item to an open-market commodity, a part of the capitalist system.

Scenting the sweet smell of success, Maurice Girodias, once the supreme pornographic publisher of Paris, has

immigrated to these shores. In an interview with *The New York Times* (that's the kind of press pornographers receive these days) the reporter noted: "He is looking forward to making his first million dollars within the next six months, thanks to such recent titles as *Curtain of Flesh* and *A Sea of Thighs*. As he smilingly acknowledged, "There seems to be an endless demand for the stuff." And Mr. Girodias is going to do his best to make sure the supply does not dry up. That's in the American free enterprise tradition: in 1969, just about everyone is reaching out for a share of the "Sexual Revolution." As for the future, Rabbi Jacob J. Hecht recently observed: "The home of the future will consider pornography as commonplace and necessary as a color TV or dishwasher."

The Fallacy of Decentralization

AMITAI ETZIONI

Mr. Etzioni is professor of sociology at Columbia University and author of The Active Society (Free Press).

In 1947, I was delivering hay from Tel Yoseph, an Israeli kibbutz, to Ein Harod, another kibbutz less than a mile away. The farm manager of Ein Harod signed the delivery papers for twenty-eight bales, and I filed the papers with the office of Tel Yoseph. "How much will Ein Harod be charged?" I asked the clerk. He was astonished by my question. "By Afula prices, of course." Afula is a town not far from both kibbutzim. While the kibbutzim neither use money nor set prices in their internal transactions, they charge each other the prices which prevail in the "free" (i.e., capitalistic) market of Afula. The national kibbutz associations help fledgling kibbutzim, but in general the mechanisms for transfer payments are very weak. No wonder that rather well-off kibbutzim are to be found next to extremely poor ones. And over the years, the rich kibbutzim get richer while the poor ones remain poor.

The kibbutz movement is of considerable interest to those who favor decentralization as a way of providing a genuinely participatory system. But it also illustrates the fact that decentralization often serves ineffectively those values which require a national mechanism that is sufficiently powerful to reallocate sources among local units (a prerequisite for social justice) and the handling of many other "inter-unit," nation-wide issues and values (e.g., the financing of institutions of higher education which would advance the movement).

I am far from being an expert on Yugoslavia, but I understand from those who are that the relatively considerable decision-making power given to small residential and work units generates some similar, symptomatic problems. Thus, for instance, I am told that there is little "income transfer" from the more affluent parts of Yugoslavia to such poverty-stricken, underdeveloped regions as Mace-

donia, Yugoslavia's equivalent of our South. Efforts to establish inter-local bus lines, especially, those which require inter-regional coordination, are said to face difficulties similar to those encountered in attempts to establish rapid transit systems in our cities, when the consent and financial support of a large number of independent local governments are needed.

To generalize, a truly decentralized participatory system will tend to be highly responsive to the needs of the members in each participatory locality, but will tend to neglect inter-local, inter-regional and national needs, both of the allocative (e.g., social justice) type and those which are best served collectively (e.g., a priming of the economy).

Decentralization offers a significant basis for participation. It fosters a citizenry that is informed and in control, tending to make society and its governance more humane. Hence, it is not surprising that many attempts are made to explain, or to explain away, the drawbacks of decentralization. Some anarchists suggest that the values fostered by decentralization are of such high priority that its disadvantages are more than acceptable. Laissez-faire liberals say, as Kenneth Boulding has argued, that once we have a large number of small, competitive political units, the laws of free competition will operate so as to promote various "inter-unit" values without the need for an institutionalized "super-unit" (or national) mechanism.

Another "automatic" solution comes from the New Left; Berndt Rabehl has written, "How will the structure of the city look? It can be divided up into many, individual collectivities of three, four or five thousand men, who center themselves around a factory. Thereby the factory becomes not merely a work center, but a place offering all possibilities for the unfolding of life. Computers will be used to figure what has to be built, how the plans must look, what dangers may appear." This approach ignores moral and political questions, making all of the issues seem to be merely factual. In short, it may be said that what we seek

for America is a system that is less centralized than the existing one, but not a system which is completely or even highly decentralized.

This brings up the question of the nature of our national system and what its decentralization would entail. As I see it, the formulation of military, foreign and space policy is centralized, especially those decisions which may involve life or death for millions in nuclear war. If there were a realistic way by which *these* decisions could be decentralized, the welfare of all of us would probably be enhanced. (Even here, however, there would be a hidden assumption: that people are good, at least peace-loving, while governments, ours at any rate, are evil and war-oriented. Possibly the increased participation of citizens in foreign-policy decisions would have the desired effect only when the citizens themselves were liberated from the effects of the centralized society. How we might survive the transition period is a problem almost as intractable as the original one of a decentralized power to declare war.)

For domestic policy, quite a different system seems to prevail in the contemporary United States; hence an approach quite different from decentralization may be required to make the governance of society in this area more participatory and humane. While the foreign-policy state is run chiefly from Washington by generals and bureaucrats in coalition with national power groups, the domestic state is largely fragmented and controlled locally from city halls, state capitals and "private governments" (such as universities and hospitals) in coalition with local power groups and with only spot interference from Washington. Thus, for example, it is empirically incorrect to assume that anyone in Washington has effective control over the educational system; decisions are made by fifty state Departments of Education, thousands of local school boards, and the trustees of 2,000 colleges and universities, with surprisingly little coordination. The same holds for police departments, health and welfare services, etc. Even the funds which come from Washington are spent largely according to local decisions. When national standards exist at all, they are frequently not effectively enforced; the HEW guidelines for desegregation are a case in point.

Domestic policy cannot be *much* more decentralized than it is now. And in considering whether or not to decentralize further, one must take into account that, by and large, the domestic services provided by the federal government—while highly bureaucratic, too-late too-little, slow to reflect innovations, and more slanted toward the middle class than the underclass—are more responsive to human needs, minority groups, etc., than those provided by most local authorities. Some, actually surprisingly few communities, are progressive but the administration of most cities and states (and, I suspect, of the remaining villages) is significantly inferior to that provided by federal agencies on all conceivable criteria. On the local level, power elites can gain their way more readily, nepotism and unvarnished corruption are more rampant, civil service standards are lower, the cost per unit of achievement is higher, and disregard for minorities is greater. It is the

pull of national forces—both the organization of people on relief, and HEW—which increases the level of welfare payments, while most states seek to keep it down; the desegregation that has occurred is due largely to nationwide efforts by such forces as the civil rights movement and the Department of Justice, and so forth. It is quite



unclear, at least to me, why the sum of the parts of this country is less reactionary (when one reviews domestic programs) than most of the parts taken singly, but I am quite sure that it is so.

Those who favor decentralization, at least if they come from the Left, will say that they have in mind units smaller than states or cities. But even these units—South Boston or East Palo Alto—tend to be monopolized and corrupt in their governance. The reformers may say that they seek still *smaller* units, like the student communes, but these are at best a way of life for a very tiny minority. Moreover, they are too small to attend to most human needs, and the coordination of scores of such units to provide the needed services collectively is nearly impossible.

It is further said that local units can more easily be made participatory. This may be true for a few communities, mainly campus towns and select suburbs, but is not the case for most localities. On the contrary, it seems to me comparatively easier (though still far from easy) to gain participation in decisions made on the national level

and to achieve the measure of transformation (e.g., untightening) of which this society is capable by joining into national social movements such as peace, civil rights, and now that of the students. By coordinated effort, scores of Congressmen can be influenced, the outcomes of elections affected, Washington (or the Pentagon) confronted, etc. All this does *not* yield an open, participatory society, but it does fuel more reforms *and* radicalization than most strictly local efforts (as distinct from local projects which are part of a national movement).

Furthermore, I hold, though this cannot be elaborated here, that from a psychological viewpoint, participation will have a restless, Sisyphean quality unless it is tied to causes beyond personal gratification. Without helping to liberate others, without helping to create the *societal* conditions for personal liberation—without *macro*-participation—there cannot be authentic micro-participation.

The main opportunities to broaden the participation of all citizens in domestic policies—and, to the degree that the national Establishment does not respond to this pressure, the radicalization of those not yet radicalized—lie in *national* social movements, usually combining a broad critical perspective with mobilization around a specific issue. To anchor this point further, I must digress briefly to indicate my views of the national power structure and of how it may be transformed. The American reality seems to me to stand somewhere between the vulgar conception of the power elite, which sees the control of society as monopolized by one well-coordinated group, and the conception of democratic pluralism, which sees the country taking its direction as the result of interaction among a large variety of autonomous “interest groups.” There is, I think, a plurality of national actors, but they are far from being equal in power. In other words, there is a highly *slanted* pluralism, with the country’s course being determined to a large extent, but not exclusively, by a not well coordinated group of powerful actors (e.g., the National Association of Manufacturers, the Armed Services), with a significant role being played—especially on the domestic front—by secondary groups (e.g., AFL-CIO) and, occasionally, by the least powerful groups, such as the farm workers.

To view the same structure dynamically, there is an option other than the four now most frequently discussed: disintegration or anarchy, revolutionary change, token ameliorations (“reforms”), or open authoritarianism following a right-wing backlash. The fifth alternative consists of significant *and* accumulative changes that result in a gradual although not necessarily slow transformation to a fundamentally different society.

The extent to which this option is realizable depends directly on whether or not change in the *national* power balance is possible. The more the least powerful groups become politically aware and mobilized for political action on the national level (as is gradually happening with the blacks), and the more they find partners in “secondary” groups which have some power but also have, or can find, an interest in societal transformation (e.g., students, middle-class ethnic minorities), the greater the chance that a

fundamental transformation will take place. In short, *national* movements are an essential propellant for social change. And only *after* such transformation is accomplished can I foresee the conditions under which decentralization would lead not to greater oligarchization but rather to the local transformation of ecological units in the direction of broadened participation.

I deliberately focus here on power, mobilization for political action and national coordination—issues which to some members of the New Left seem rather old-fashioned as compared to “deeper” existential matters. The mere fact that these issues have been raised before does not automatically make them obsolete. And while I can see the appeal of the short cuts offered by the Theatre of the Absurd, the student communes, and even the social islands of the hippies, the integrated and spontaneous way of life cannot, as I see it, be sustained unless the *national* structures are first transformed. Moreover, whatever progress can be made locally, unless it is very microscopic (limited to a few pads or barns), depends on the moral and intellectual sustenance as well as the political protection of a national movement.

There seems to be one exception to this sociological iron law: participation in “private governments” of corporate units as distinct from ecological-residential ones. Universities, churches, hospitals and some places of work can be made more participatory without first transforming the national structures. Again, I am much more confident about the sociological observation than about the reasons. Perhaps this capacity to evolve autonomously in smaller units without first unlocking larger structures is due to the fact that forces of control and sanctioning, that is, the police, are more closely tied to ecological units and elites than to private governments. These governments seem reluctant to resort to such forces because a measure of corporate autonomy serves their interests, and they are afraid—as university faculties so obviously are—that once the government is regularly invited to deal with their rebels, it will stay to deal with them. The result is well illustrated by the relative reluctance of churches, universities and other private governments to call in the police, as compared with the cities of Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles, Oakland and Newark, and by the difficult time Congress has in finding ways to legislate about conduct in the action-space of these private units.

In short, on the domestic front (as distinct from military and foreign policy), little will be achieved by most forms of decentralization, because the system is already rather decentralized, and the local-ecological units are chiefly controlled by oligarchies which are tighter than the national domestic system. The greatest, although far from great, opportunities for mobilizing power toward transformation are on the national level, including unlocking the system for broader local participation. Participation in “private governments” is an exception so far, but it is not clear how long it will remain so; they, too, may become tied into municipal and state sanctioning systems to be controlled like local-ecological units.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Theatre of Interpretations

ERIC BENTLEY

Mr. Bentley's most recent book is *What Is Theatre? And Other Reviews 1944-1967* (Atheneum). He has been a contributor to *The Nation* since 1943.

There are no facts, there are only interpretations. —Nietzsche

Clearly the outstanding fact about "the theatre of fact" is that it is vehemently suspected of propagating non-fact, even lies. Rolf Hochhuth is, of course, the *cause célèbre*. Both his plays were based on factual propositions which most people utterly reject: in the one case that Pius XII acquiesced in attempted genocide, in the other that Churchill brought about the death of Gen. Wladyslaw Sikorski. A recent, still unproduced play by Conor Cruise O'Brien deals with an alleged crime that stands midway between these other alleged crimes of Pius and Churchill: O'Brien believes that Dag Hammarskjöld and Andrew Cordier, while they did not bring about the murder of Patrice Lumumba, were worse than acquiescent in it, since they could and should have prevented it but (according to *Murderous Angels*) deliberately and purposefully refrained from doing so.

Our most natural expectation of a documentary theatre is either that it translate the history books into stage terms or, dealing with very recent times, that it remind us of what we know we lived through. Actually, the playwrights, if dealing with earlier history, are revisionist and rebel historians of what the profession could only regard as an extreme sort. If dealing with recent years, they remind us of nothing, but charge that we never knew the truth and regarded Pius, Churchill, Hammarskjöld and Cordier as men who not only did not stand for murder but couldn't conceivably stand for it: not being that kind of person. The gist, then, is (a) that the history books are wrong and (b) that the men whom we idealists have most admired were not themselves idealists but at best ruthless realists, matching Hitler's crimes with their own (Churchill), at worst megalomaniacs (Hammarskjöld), schemers (Cordier) or organization men (Pius). Implicitly the plays call on us (a) to see history in terms quite other than those taught in the schools and (b) to repudiate the idols of the Establishment: the unusually holy Pope, the gallant spokesman for

anti-Nazi heroism, the religious poet who raised high the banner of the United Nations. And why not? That was exactly where the action was in the 1960s, and the force of any type of historical drama resides in its topicality: it must quiver with the life, not of the era depicted but of the period of the performance.

The Deputy was successful. Which is not to say it was universally acceptable. This type of play will be unacceptable to those who are its target, but it can be held unsuccessful only if it misses the target, that is to say, if it can be shown to be mendacious or otherwise unsound. Marginal errors or dubieties will not wreck it. Central ones are another matter, and here *Soldiers* was in trouble. Hochhuth was unable to make even his best disposed readers and spectators share his belief that Churchill was guilty as charged. That Hochhuth tried to make the crime less incredible by arguing that it was tragically *defensible* only compounded his problem. For, with this, *Soldiers* just became confusing and confused. It is, indeed, one of those out-and-out failures which no ingenuity can redeem: for every device or idea to which the author has recourse only reveals itself as ingenuity—in the one lost cause. Seldom has so much intelligence produced such a stupid result. My only emotion upon seeing *Soldiers* was distress at the thought that the author of *The Deputy* could come to this. I suppose the case is instructive. The two plays are very obviously of the same authorship. *The Deputy* has some of the shortcomings of *Soldiers*, especially a Schillerian type of dialogue unrelieved, as in Schiller himself, by humor, but lacking Schiller's sheen and poetry. *Soldiers* has none of *The Deputy's* merits. Hochhuth's talent is for shared outrage. The material of *The Deputy* offered him a foothold, the material of *Soldiers* did not.

O'Brien's *Murderous Angels* stands midway between the two Hochhuth plays in yet another respect: its main accusation is more firmly grounded than that of *Soldiers* but less firmly so than that of *The Deputy*. I speak here, not for historians but for spectators. When we see *The Deputy*, whatever we may be unsure of, we are sure that Pius XII did stand idly by when he could at least have attempted to do something. When O'Brien urges the complicity of Hammarskjöld and Cordier we receive his presentation as an opinion, a sort of

prosecutor's brief, and, however much we may be taken with its wit and thrust, which are considerable, we remain willing to listen to other reconstructions of the evidence.

The New Yorker has raised the question: what legal recourse have the villains of such plays? It seems that libel actions have been threatened in some cases. Faced with such threats, Lincoln Center changed the names of some characters in the Oppenheimer play (though not all of these were villains). And Cordier's name appears in *Murderous Angels* only in a single use of the nickname Andy. People can hardly be pleased to find themselves badly thought of by a playwright, but it would be a gross infringement of freedom of speech to prevent playwrights from thinking badly of people. Yet replacing one name with another is a transparent trick and I am surprised that most of the aggrieved have settled for it. Probably many in the future will not—a pilot involved in the crash that killed Sikorski is already suing Hochhuth in London. What seems to be needed is a loosening of the libel laws as they apply to theatre. What the journalist can say in an editorial or article—possibly even what Drew Pearson can say in a column—the playwright too must be permitted to say.

I am assuming that the best corrective for untruth on stage will not be litigation but criticism: that of the dramatic critic and that of playgoers in general. If what a playwright says is truly scandalous, the proper retort is in the scandal itself, as it is talked about and as it finds its way into print. By all means, let the admirers of Pius XII present their case. And if some argue that when mud is slung some of it always sticks, one has to reply that this consideration cannot justify a ban on mudslinging. That argument is not a universal truth, anyway. Much mud was slung at Joan of Arc (by churchmen, as it happens), but none of it has stuck.

The documentary play is a little trickier than it looks. That a play is documentary at all means that it surprises and probably appalls its audience with material of which it can and indeed must be said: "Yes, and this actually happened." Hence it was nothing less than cheating when a fictitious episode was inserted into an otherwise "factual" Pittsburgh Playhouse presentation of HUAC proceedings. People left the theatre thinking certain things had really

happened which hadn't. That is how the theatre becomes an *uneducational* institution.

In this country, the producers of *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer* stressed that the dialogue was spiced with fiction. For their aim was to forestall libel suits. In Europe, everyone had thought that "it was all true." And indeed one would have had to do a good deal of research to learn that Heinar Kipphardt, its author, gave a twist of his own to almost everything. Peter Weiss's *Investigation* kept pretty close to the printed records but was criticized for a certain kind of editing (the word "Jew," I believe, kept being replaced).

Would it be a solution to some of these problems if the dramatist did not add any words at all of his own? That he adopted such a course is stressed by Donald Freed in his play *The United States vs. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg*, produced this past season at the Cleveland Playhouse. "Every word you will hear or see on this stage is a documented quotation," he tells his audience. They could well ask what difference it makes, since the principle of selectivity leaves Freed with so many options still open. He has a picture in mind, and he picks the quotations that support it. Theatre of fact in a world where the facts are so many and so various leaves elbow room for some very large elbows. And selection is not all; there is also the little matter of ordering the material, both as to juxtaposition (montage) and cross reference. Cross reference is one form of repetition. There are other forms, the simplest of which—immediate simple repetition—can have a remarkable effect. Freed repeats anything that takes his fancy. "*Un bel di.*" *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Strong stuff that, repeated at crucial points of the evening. Freed has noticed that Joe McCarthy used to say, "I have here in my hand a list of . . ." giving various nouns and statistics at various times, so in the play he has McCarthy repeat the phrase half a dozen times *without interruption*. Now a single beat of a drum is one thing; repeat it a single time a little is added; repeat it a few times, however, and the phenomenon is quite different; repeat it many times and all hell has broken loose. This is the principle involved in repetition of words too; and can easily nullify the principle implied in "every word you will hear or see on this stage is a documented quotation."

What is the moral? That we can do without documentary drama altogether? That Mr. Freed should have presented his material with less manipulation? Or with more—introducing *undocumented* material? Well, to begin with, it is a matter of indifference whether

material is "documented" if one does not know the value of the documents concerned. Anything is documented that comes from a book, even a bad book. Next, the main question is not whether a speech is documented (in any sense) but whether the audience is on firm ground because it knows what it is getting. The fiction in *The Deputy* is acceptable because it is not taken for non-fiction: to get Hochhuth's message we don't have to believe that there was a Father Fontana who confronted the Pope. It follows that there is no special virtue in the plea that all such fictions have been eliminated, especially when we begin to realize how much artifice there can be in cutting, rearrangement, repetition, etc. But, in turn, a work in which every word is a quotation could be valid on other grounds, namely, the grounds on which we must judge all documentary drama, such as honesty and intelligibility. In the case of Freed, I have in effect argued that there is dishonesty (no doubt unconscious) in what is evidently claimed in the way of authenticity. Freed is also unintelligible in the sense that he does not really tell the story but takes for granted that we know it, or even that, having our hearts in the right place, we can guess it: so-and-so *must* be innocent, or so-and-so *must* be guilty, these things follow from correct ideology. All of which is a cop-out because this way the playwright evades his obligation to tell the story and create the participants. Instead, we see marionettes dangling on the string of our present discontents.

To tell the story and create the participants: am I right in assuming that these are things the playwright has to do? Peter Weiss has suggested, on the contrary, that it is permissible for the documentary playwright to "quote" characters rather than have to create them. He himself, for example, presenting the Lyndon Johnson Cabinet in his *Vietnam Discourse*, does not ask the actors to do clever, lifelike impersonations, let alone caricatures à la *MacBird*, but merely "cites" these people. Well, maybe. I have not seen *Vietnam Discourse*, but I hear from admirers of Peter Weiss that it is his least theatrical effort so far.

O'Brien is also in trouble—or at least has problems—in this department, as I have rather special reason to know. Herbert Berghof wanted me to direct *Murderous Angels* with himself as Hammarskjöld. I asked O'Brien, could it be more a play, especially in certain parts? Could Hammarskjöld be given scenes in which O'Brien's tragicomic sense of him would be more fully realized on stage? For it seemed that, while the author's view of Hammarskjöld was clearly stated, little was done to enable Berghof to walk on and *be* such a person.

O'Brien in effect asked me to accept his stage figures as Weissian "citations." And I, for my part, would have been glad to attempt a sort of political spectacle, influenced by the Living Newspaper and Piscator, in which character is subordinated to documentation. News clips. The UN on TV, etc. I could even have done a little boasting about my use of "multimedia." But even had the rights remained available (and soon afterwards they were sold to the National Theatre in London), Berghof really did not wish to play a citation, he wished to play a man. Was he wrong?

In my book, *The Theatre of Commitment* (1967), I myself argued the case for certain political and polemical simplifications. These included a two-dimensional form of character—political caricature, if you will, but not necessarily comic—in which the playwright forgoes fuller characterization in order to channel outrage through an expressive stage figure. An example of such a figure is Hochhuth's Pius XII. It does not provide a rounded picture of the actual man. It does dramatize—or, if you prefer, theatricalize—what Hochhuth believes to be Pius' role in World War II. And I would have no complaint against Kipphardt's Oppenheimer or Freed's Rosenberg pair or O'Brien's Hammarskjöld if as much could be said of them. But, in all three instances, the theatregoer can only feel frustrated. The material exudes drama, and it should be remarked that none of the three plays could have trouble holding an audience (in this genre you can hold your audience without being much of a playwright). Yet in each play we long for scenes that never take place. Shouldn't Oppenheimer be confronted by Admiral Strauss? Hammarskjöld by Lumumba? If not, surely there should be *some* confrontation which brings action and character into dramatic focus.

Of course, our authors have alibis. These are documentary plays, and such confrontations could not be documented. Even so, when told what the Rosenbergs did not do (commit espionage), couldn't we, this being drama, be shown what they did do? The point applies equally to the Oppenheimer play. Oppenheimer is also shown as "not a spy." But what is he? What was he actually up to in Los Alamos and earlier? Here the author will cite another alibi. His play is based on the "trial" records, and so *cannot* show Oppenheimer before 1954. The Rosenberg play cannot show what their "record" doesn't indicate: namely, the life they did lead, the kind of people they actually were. But such alibis only raise the question whether the decision to be documentary in this way was a shrewd one. O'Brien, to do him credit, leans

THE RELEASE

*When I walk through streets
(in southern Europe mostly),
narrow, crooked streets
that look tired, worn
like old women in black shawls;
when things inanimate,
things built, things there
for human touch and presences
make me feel
that they have suffered,
that even walls, roofs, trees
bear a pain
which needs to be relieved:
the feeling that
deep sorrow resides
in everything I look at
makes me more alive.*

*Melancholy, sad,
but not unhappy.*

*What substance burns without a flame?
What human being gains in depth
who has not wept in dreams?
What moment moves us more
than when we realize
another's sorrow as our own?
Ennobling pain
must have its proper soil.*

*Wide, straight, new
the streets I walk through now.
Somehow I must get at what
they hide, must let their noise
go by me like the planes
too fast to spot,
must listen, listen
until I hear the silent sound
of stones I live in
as a heavy sigh.*

*Only in the midst of
pure suffering
will I release my cry!*

ARTHUR GREGOR

MOTHS AT THE WINDOW

*Our aunt's teeth become a skeleton's.
Moths are at the window, jewels of horror
and memory. Furniture is falling.
My relatives argue above the death bed.
They are like a child with long hair
who holds a candle and smiles.
Hidden behind dust-brown wings,
you read it in her weary eyes.
It is Aunt Mary they snuff out.
Her grin surfaces with the bone.*

WILLIAM HUNT

WORLDS OF DIFFERENT SIZES

*I like to help small things survive:
red slugs drying on sidewalk deserts,
birds against cats, cats against dogs, dogs against cars.*

*I like to help big things keep going:
old trees, three-story houses,
mountains ore-men want to dig away.*

*And the invisible, the invisible, how it struggles
for its life in big blind bones,
in a small heart.*

SANDRA MCPHERSON

MUSIC IN MICHIGAN

*The blind hear music from the darkened lakeside,
voices from autos and they visualize the thin
limbs of the water and of the swim suits.
In Vietnam her left arm burst from the shoulder,
dark as burnt candlewick, it moved on the ground.
"I am too old now to understand why this occurred,"
she said. Too late, the moon drawn upon a string
sets. Too late to see the young dance in Michigan.
The blind men rock in time to the shore waters.
Their fingertips grow out toward the water.
An animal's breath passes within their reach.
The moon was the memory of windows
to which the children of the poor say prayers.
Whispering into its wings the owl simplifies
the search for the lost arms of the living.*

WILLIAM HUNT

MOUNT KEARSARGE

*Great blue mountain! Ghost!
I look at you
from the porch of the farmhouse
where I watched you all summer
as a boy. Steep sides, narrow flat
patch on top—
you are clear to me
like the memory of one day.
Blue. Blue.
The top of the mountain floats
in haze.
I will not rock on this porch
when I am old. I turn my back on you,
Kearsarge, I close
my eyes, and you rise inside me,
blue ghost.*

DONALD HALL

on no such alibis but argues in his preface for certain freedoms à la Hochhuth. (His whole play is a *Deputy* with a Protestant "Pope"—an interesting point, considering that he is of Catholic background, Hochhuth of Protestant background.) But *Murderous Angels* could be a better play—would be "more of a play"—if the author were freer, if he

would let go, if he would let his Hamarskjöld come into being. In the plays of Kipphardt and Freed, certainly, one feels the absence, not only of full characterizations but also of any effective two-dimensional protagonists. The final paradox of their theatre of fact is that their protagonists are inflated with liberal legend and sentimentality.

written Negro problem play. The best of these playwrights, Douglas Turner Ward (*Happy Ending*; *Day of Absence*) or Ed Bullins (*Goin'a Buffalo*) are accomplished craftsmen as well as talented theatre artists. This anthology makes it clear that there are black writers prominent in the ranks of those who are creating the theatre of today.

Black Theatre in America

BLACK DRAMA: The Story of the American Negro in the Theatre. By Lofton Mitchell. Hawthorn Books. 248 pp. \$5.95.

NEGRO PLAYWRIGHTS IN THE AMERICAN THEATRE 1925-1959. By Doris E. Abramson. Columbia University Press. 335 pp. \$12.50. Paper \$2.95.

NEW BLACK PLAYWRIGHTS. Edited and with an introduction by William Couch, Jr. Louisiana State University Press. 258 pp. \$6.95.

ISAIAH SHEFFER

Mr. Sheffer teaches theatre arts at Columbia University. He produced and directed the DMZ Political Cabaret, and is drama critic for radio station WBAI in New York City.

These three books can serve as an excellent set of introductory readings on the subject of black theatre in America. Lofton Mitchell's *Black Drama: The Story of the American Negro in the Theatre* should be read first. In an anecdotal and argumentative style it traces the history of black theatre in this country from the West Indian slave, Mungo, who appears as a clown in a 1769 comedy, *The Padlock*, to the blackface minstrel shows of the pre-Civil War era, the Harlem theatre movements of the 1920s, and the struggles and problems of the fifties and sixties on and off Broadway. It tells as much about actors, producers and audiences as it does about playwrights, which is why it is useful as a frame for the other two volumes.

Doris E. Abramson's book, though it repeats some of the history told by Lofton Mitchell, is a more precise and scholarly examination of twenty plays written by Negro dramatists between 1925 and 1959 and produced on the New York professional stage. Despite its rather stiff, dissertation-style prose it is an absorbing study. The detailed discussion of each of these plays provides us with an otherwise unavailable acquaintance with such dramatists as Wallace Thurman, Theodore Ward and Alice Childress, as well as a deeper understand-

ing of the work of such better-known Negro playwrights as Langston Hughes, Richard Wright and Lorraine Hansberry. Running through Miss Abramson's textual analyses are two themes: the growing dramaturgical skill and sophistication of black playwrights during the last four decades, and the ways in which these writers have chosen to concentrate on specifically Negro subjects and problems.

There is no lack of skill or sophistication in the plays collected by William Couch, Jr., in the anthology *New Black Playwrights*. This volume shows that there is no longer any need for critics writing in the white press to "make allowances," as they used to do a few years ago, for the sincere but crudely

And what are these black dramatists writing about? With the possible exception of Adrienne Kennedy's poetic fragment, *A Rat's Mass*, every play in the Couch anthology deals in one way or another with the problems of the Negro in white America. Douglas Turner Ward's plays are brilliant comic fantasies about the Negro as servant. Bullins' *Goin'a Buffalo* is a harsh, powerful description of the lives of Los Angeles musicians, prostitutes and junkies. Lonne Elder's *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*, an Off-Broadway hit this season produced by the Negro Ensemble Company, though not as good a play, I think, as the still unproduced *Goin'a Buffalo*, is a drama about a Harlem family. And the last play in the collection, William Wellington Mackey's *Family Meeting*, takes up the question of the Negro who has succeeded in making it into the middle class. Another current Off-Broadway success, not in this anthology, Charles Gordone's *No Place*

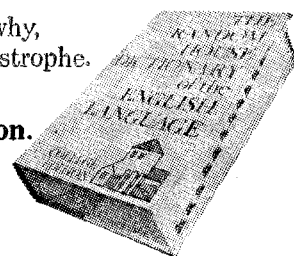
What is James A. Michener reading?

One of the books James Michener reads is our dictionary. *The Random House College Dictionary*. It has more definitions of words than any other college dictionary. More of today's new words, too. Maybe that's why Mr. Michener uses it. *The Random House College Dictionary*. \$6.95. (\$7.95 thumb indexed.)

If you want to read James Michener, his newest book is *Presidential Lottery*. It's an urgent book all about our electoral system. It tells why the system is inadequate and irrational for our time, and why, under certain circumstances, it could be a catastrophe.

The Random House Dictionary of the English Language/College Edition.

One of the books writers read.



To Be Somebody, is a philosophical soap opera involving a black café owner, the Mafia, a light-skinned Negro actor and assorted black and white café people.

Perhaps it's inevitable that for the black playwright there *can* be only one real theme: what it means to be black in America. Playwrights, after all, must write about what they truly know and what they feel is important. But one might ponder a statement from Richard Wright's *White Man, Listen!*, written in 1957, which Miss Abramson quotes in her book:

If the expression of the American Negro should take a sharp turn towards strictly racial themes, then you will know by that token that we are suffering our old and ancient agonies at the hands of our white American neighbors. If, however, our expression broadens, assumes the common themes and burdens of literary expression which are the heritage of all men, then by that token you will know that a humane attitude prevails in America towards us.

Just in case we were in doubt, the black playwrights of today are letting us know that no such humane attitude yet prevails. The ancient agonies are still be-

ing suffered, and black theatre must still have as its first priority, if not its exclusive preoccupation, the reflection and expression of those agonies. What is unfortunate is that the rich talents of this generation of black playwrights are not yet free to approach a broader range of subjects, to assume those common themes and burdens which are the heritage of all of us. Telling it like it is is an important and inescapable task for black playwrights, but I would hope that the most talented of them can eventually do this, and more.

Not that telling it like it is has been simple or easy. All three of these books speak of the extraordinary and paradoxical difficulty encountered by the black dramatist in search of an audience. One aspect of this difficulty is described by Mr. Couch in the introduction to his anthology:

The conclusion seems inescapable: plays about Negroes, especially plays that deal candidly with the harsher realities of the Negro's existence in America, are not attractive to the general theatre audience, and the bulk of the theatregoing audience is white.

Miss Abramson carries the diagnosis one step further:

In order to make their plays acceptable to that [predominantly white] audience, the playwrights discover that they frequently have to distort the very truths they want to tell about Negro existence. It would seem, on the other hand, that they could "tell it like it is" to a Harlem audience. But there they are in the unenviable position of trying to present insights about Negro reality that may be rejected by those Negroes who wish either to be assimilated into white middle-class culture or to deny that culture totally. Simply stated, the Negro playwright's dilemma is that neither white nor black audiences can be counted on to support plays that attack or even question commonly accepted American mores.

The black playwright must grapple not only with the question of who his audience is but also with the problem of just how it might be possible to reach any one of his potential audiences in an effective way. The many varied answers range all the way from Ossie Davis' *Purlie Victorious*, a commercially unsuccessful attempt to present deep racial truths in the form of a Broadway entertainment, to plays like James Baldwin's *Blues for Mr. Charlie* and LeRoi Jones's *Dutchman* which demand that white viewers confront their own guilt, or to a work like Bullins' *Goin' a Buffalo* which seems intended in its story, its milieu, and above all in its language, to exclude white audiences altogether and to speak intensely only to an audience of hip black insiders.

But if the serious black dramatist finds it hard to know and reach his audience, so does his serious white counterpart. If black playwrights sense the increasing impossibility and irrelevance of the commercial theatre, so do white playwrights. If black writers experiment with new theatrical forms because they are desperately uncertain whether theatre as we know it is of any use at all in these unhealthy times, that desperation and that uncertainty are shared by all creative theatre people, black or white. What Miss Abramson describes as the Negro playwright's dilemma applies to playwrights of any color. The central problem faced by the black playwright is the same problem that must be faced by all theatre artists: entrapment in the rigidity and emptiness of what Peter Brook has so aptly labeled the Deadly Theatre, and the need to grope one's way toward a rediscovery of the essential theatrical experience.

Order & Freedom

THE THIRD THEATRE. By Robert Brustein. Alfred A. Knopf. 294 pp. \$6.95.

PUBLIC DOMAIN: Essays on the Theatre. By Richard Schechner. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 244 pp. \$6.95.

JULIUS NOVICK

Mr. Novick's *Beyond Broadway: The Quest for Permanent Theatres (Hill & Wang)* was based on a series of articles which appeared originally in *The Nation*.

Our theatre has begun to reflect our times, for better or for worse, in a startlingly vivid fashion. Partly this is because nowadays "our times" seem to provide so much more to reflect than they used to; whatever may be said about living in the late 1960s, it certainly is not dull. (Is it Brecht who somewhere invokes the mercy of God on those condemned to live in "interesting times"?)

What is making our times so interesting can be described as a tremendous shift in the balance between the conflicting claims of freedom and order. Every society—every individual—is fundamentally characterized by the way it—he—arbitrates these claims. Freud tells us that civilization is only purchased at the price of tremendous frustrations; today, increasing numbers of us are serving notice that we no longer consider certain frustrations necessary or desirable for the maintenance of civilization, and that we are no longer willing to bear them. Whatever backlashes, repressions and counterattacks may appear here and there, the

(Advertisement)

Are You A Slow Reader?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique of rapid reading which should enable you to increase your reading speed and yet retain much more. Most people do not realize how much they could increase their pleasure, success and income by reading faster and more accurately.

According to this publisher, many people, regardless of their present reading skill, can use this simple technique to improve their reading ability to a remarkable degree. Whether reading stories, books, technical matter, it becomes possible to read sentences at a glance and entire pages in seconds with this method.

To acquaint the readers of this publication with the easy-to-follow rules for developing rapid reading skill, the company has printed full details of its interesting self-training method in a new booklet, "How to Read Faster and Retain More," mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Simply enclose a dime to cover postage and handling. Send your name, address, and zip code to: Reading, 835 Diversey, Dept. 533-518, Chicago, Ill. 60614.

shift is still, for the moment at least, most decisively and spectacularly in the direction of freedom.

An analogous shift has been taking place in the theatre. First the rules of old-fashioned dramatic construction were overthrown, then those of logic, progression, cause and effect; now the domination of the author in the theatrical collaboration, the demand that the actor impersonate a character rather than simply present himself, the barrier that separates the actor from the audience, and the taboos governing the presentation of sex in the theatre—all are being rejected by proponents of the “new theatre” as unnecessary, and therefore intolerable, restraints. These changes are both exciting, and dangerous; they are “liberating,” but what is it that is being “liberated”? In the theatre too, these are “interesting times.”

Since this process of “liberation” is still in mid-career, and nobody knows where and how it will end, we obviously cannot expect a complete account of it yet. These two new collections of articles, mostly about the theatre, by Robert Brustein and Richard Schechner, attempt to assess this portentous but ambiguous new development. Since both Brustein and Schechner are knowledgeable, intelligent, and deeply and personally involved with the theatre, and since in spite of certain striking parallels they reach opposite conclusions, the two books complement each other nicely.

Mr. Brustein does not by any means confine himself to the “new theatre,” though much of what he has to say on other matters helps to provide a context for it. *The Third Theatre*, he writes in a brief preface, is offered

... as a collection of pieces written between 1957 and 1968—pieces that deal not only with theatre but also with literature, culture, and the movies—which I hope have sufficient relevance to be worth preserving in book form. The only unity I can find in the collection, aside from a unity of style, proceeds from my obvious reluctance to discuss works of art without some reflection on the civilization that gave them birth.

This “obvious reluctance” gives rise to the distinguishing feature of his work. Brustein can discuss dramaturgy or describe performances well enough, but it is the deep intensity of his concern with the relationship between the work of art and the world outside it, that makes his criticism so valuable.

Brustein has his deficiencies as a critic. His hatred of the commercial theatre (where, after all, good things do turn up every once in a while, if only by accident) seems to me excessive, if not obsessive; and this hatred appears to be a

function of an unlikable (though not unjustifiable) contempt for the American people in general. His dislike of Broadway is also connected, I think, to a lack of appreciation for what is fanciful or frivolous. Brustein has wit, but I wonder about his sense of humor; he never seems to unbend. “How can one love the theatre,” he asks, “unless it functions as the instrument of some higher purpose?” Millions can, and do, but Brustein does not understand them, and does not want to; he prefers to regard them as his enemies. He is the Savonarola of dramatic criticism.

Fortunately, he writes cogently even

about what he doesn't like. And being Savonarola has some positive aspects. Mr. Brustein never loses sight of the theatre's “higher purpose”; he writes out of what George Bernard Shaw called “moral passion.” But this quality in Brustein has such a keen cutting edge that it never loses itself in mere pieties, and he manages (sometimes narrowly) to keep himself this side of annoying self-righteousness.

What is this “higher purpose” to which Brustein is so devoted? He does not formally define it, but he does say that the “greatest power” of the stage, which in our time it has lost, is “the power to alter



ERIC BENTLEY

The following Eric Bentley albums are currently available:

BENTLEY ON BRECHT

music by Weill, Eisler, Wolpe, Dessau
Folkways (FH 5434)

BRECHT BEFORE THE UNAMERICAN COMMITTEE

a recording of the actual encounter of Brecht with the notorious Parnell Thomas
Folkways (FD 5531)

SONGS OF HANNS EISLER

28 songs, mostly by Brecht, sung by Eric Bentley
Folkways (FH 5433)

THE EXCEPTION AND THE RULE

the original Off Broadway cast album of the whole play, music by Wolpe
Folkways (FH 5435)

A MAN'S A MAN

the original Off Broadway cast album with John Heffernan as Galy Gay
Spoken Arts (SA 870)

THE ELEPHANT CALF

cast of the National Company with Logan Ramsey as Polly. Album also includes DEAR OLD DEMOCRACY by Eric Bentley and Arnold Black, Bentley as vocalist
Asch (FL 9831)

BENTLEY ON BIERMANN.

Wolf Biermann's songs sung by Eric Bentley
Broadside (BRS 432)

Each album postage free from Pioneer Record Sales, 701 7th Avenue, New York City 10036 (\$5.79 each); A MAN'S A MAN available from Spoken Arts, 59 Locust Ave., New Rochelle, N.Y.; or at record stores.

destinies, to affect man in a direct and meaningful way." Not a new idea, but not a bad idea to take to the theatre with you. In other essays, he elaborates: "A serious play, in interpreting the lives of its characters, interprets the lives of the auditors, providing images that intensify awareness." Awareness of what? Brustein gives us a hint when he says, apropos of *America, Hurrah!*, that "the truest poetic function of the theatre" is "to invent metaphors which can poignantly suggest a nation's nightmares and afflictions."

The title of his book comes from an essay in which Brustein echoes the demand of John Millington Synge for a theatre that will combine "reality" and "joy." If "nightmares and afflictions" are our "reality," whence "joy"? This is a paradox, but it is a noble one (Brustein discusses it in an essay on Greek tragedy entitled "The Memory of Heroism")—and anyway the theatre is the home of paradox.

In this book, Brustein wastes little time on what he calls "the superficiality of Broadway show business," but he says that "the whey-faced solemnity of our serious theatre is a problem that needs some airing," and he provides this "airing" in his articles on Edward Albee (three), Arthur Miller (one), and the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center (five). Commercial productions have no reality, and conventional serious plays have no joy; but Brustein finds both qualities combined in the English repertory companies, to which he devotes several articles, and in the Berliner Ensemble. And—for a while—in an emerging "third theatre" at home:

[an] underground expression now being developed in the cabarets, workshops, and studios—where all assumptions are questioned, all shibboleths rejected, all dogma destroyed. A theatre, in short, where reality and joy are once more being combined and drama is once again becoming superb, gay, and wild.

In his enthusiasm, I think Brustein overvalues *Viet Rock*, *MacBird* and *America, Hurrah!*, but he soon becomes convinced that the "third theatre" has gone terribly wrong. He bitterly attacks

Tom O'Horgan's production of *Futz*, Richard Schechner's *Dionysus in 69*, and the returned Living Theatre (though he had been a staunch admirer of it in the past, and had helped arrange for its return). Brustein concludes that the "new theatre"

may spell as great a danger to dramatic art as the old theatre: it already embodies similar defects. Its anti-intellectualism, its sensationalism, its sexual obsessiveness, its massacre of language, its noisy attention-getting mechanisms, its indifference to artistry, craft, and skill, its violence, and, above all, its mindless tributes to Love and Togetherness (now in the form of "group gropes" and "love zaps") are not adversary demands upon the American character but rather the very qualities that have continually degraded us, the very qualities that have kept us laggard and Philistine in the theatre throughout the past three decades.

Like many of us, Brustein has been discovering, in these last two painful years, that democratic and humanistic values can be threatened by the Left as well as the Right, the young as well as the old. But though events have revealed the radical Brustein to be something of a conservative, his position has remained essentially constant: he is merely now applying to the *avant-garde* the same vigorous standards he has always applied to other segments of the theatre. The vigor and lucidity of his mind and style remain undiminished, and the value of his criticism is, if anything, increased.

Richard Schechner writes from inside the "new theatre." He is the producer and director of *Dionysus in 69*; he was for several years editor of *TDR* (formerly the *Tulane Drama Review*, now *The Drama Review*), which propagates the new dramatic theories and techniques; he proclaimed his solidarity with the Living Theatre by stripping in his seat at the Living's first performance in New York after its return from exile. Yet he does not write like a wild man; he writes, for the most part, like a professor. (He is, in fact, professor of Drama and Cinema at New York University. Brustein, of course, is Dean of the Yale School of Drama.)

Brustein's book consists mostly of reviews, short pieces that take their starting point from one or more specific productions. There are no reviews in *Public Domain*, Schechner's book. Its twelve essays (reprinted from *TDR* and other publications) include a group of notes on the influence and implications of Stanislavski, a consideration of the malaise of the resident professional theatres (a question also touched on by Brustein), critical articles on *The Bacchae* and *Waiting for Godot*, a piece on Megan Terry (a playwright who evolves her

plays in collaboration with the actors of the Open Theatre), a discussion of "Pornography and the New Expression," a description of some happenings Schechner put on, and five earnest and scholarly considerations of the fundamentals of the theatre. Some of it is pretty tough going. But Schechner makes it clear, as no one else has, that there is more to the boundary-breaking new theatre than self-indulgence, exhibitionism and arrogance.

Both Schechner and Brustein are full of loathing for the manifold corruptions of American life; both see the theatre as a counterforce against these corruptions. But Brustein has lately set his face against what he considers the excesses of current radicalism. Schechner, on the other hand, says, "I don't leave the revolution to others but stake a modest claim in it—a claim for the theatre, for myself."

Analogously, whereas Brustein attacks the new theatre for depriving the playwright of his proper primacy, Schechner denies the basic assumption that the theatre is primarily an institution for putting on plays: "Theatre is an art of permeation and exchange. Its boundaries are ill-defined and far-extended. It includes demonstrations, political rallies, religious festivals, celebrations of daily life."

In the final essay in *Public Domain*, Schechner writes:

It is becoming increasingly clear that our Western avant-garde is, in world perspective, nothing other than a return to the most traditional theatre. In fact, the Western theatre—from Aeschylus to Ionesco—is not the major theatrical tradition but a very important offshoot—a specialized development of certain aspects of world theatre. We have emphasized story and character at the expense of dance, spectacle, ritual, and communal celebration. . . . We have also come to value the written text as an artwork in its own right . . . but in most cultures the text does not exist except as part of the performance. . . . The difference between art as we know it in the West and theatre as it has traditionally shown itself world-wide is that Western art is individualized while traditional theatre is communal. In its communal forms, theatre is both socially constructive and personally "transcendent" or ecstatic.

Schechner preaches—in greater detail, with more qualifications, side lights and insights than I have space to convey—a return to this nonliterary, communal, socially constructive yet ecstatic theatre. He is too wise not to be afraid of the danger of "ecstatic fascism"—oddly enough, both he and Brustein invoke the image of Hitler's Nuremberg rallies—but he is too committed to turn back in revulsion, as Brustein has done. History will vindicate whom it pleases. For the present, as the chorus says in Sophocles' *Antigone*, "There's much/Of substance in the arguments on both sides."

Notice to Subscribers

Because of postal regulations, *The Nation's* mailing list must be arranged according to Zip Codes. Therefore—with any correspondence about address changes, renewals, etc.—please enclose the address label from your *Nation*. If you don't have a label, be sure to include your Zip number, and be sure it is correct. Without it, we cannot find your name plate.

VOICES OF OUR TIMES

*an unprecedented selection of spoken records
now available to Nation readers.*

42. DON JUAN IN HELL (Shaw)

First Drama Quartet — Charles Laughton, Agnes Moorehead, Charles Boyer, Sir Cedric Hardwicke — 2 LP's \$11.90

228. OLD GLORY

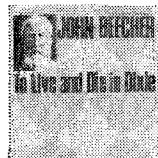
Benito Cereno—Robert Lowell—Original Cast 2 LP's 9.95

252. TEVYA & HIS DAUGHTERS (After Aleichem)

"Fiddler on the Roof" is based on this. 4.98

278. ALEICHEM

An Evening of Stories read in English by Howard Da Silva 4.98



305. JOHN BEECHER

"To Live & Die in Dixie" other poems, read by the author. 5.95

308. BENTLEY ON BRECHT

Songs & Poems 5.95

326. BLACK PIONEERS IN AMERICAN HISTORY, Vol. 1

Nat Love, Charlotte Forten, Frederick Douglass, Susan King Taylor 4.98

399. JUSTICE WM. O. DOUGLAS

Interview 4.95

403. W. E. B. DUBOIS

Moses Asch interviews the founder of NAACP 5.95

407. ABBA EBAN.

U.N. Speeches on Middle East Crisis 3 LP's. 17.85

421. LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

Poems 4.98

433. SIR JOHN GIELGUD

Agas of Man. Readings from Shakespeare. 5.95

435. ALLEN GINSBERG

"Howl" and other poems, read by the author. 4.98

444. GREAT AMERICAN SPEECHES

Patrick Henry to William Jennings Bryan. Spoken by Melvyn Douglas, Vincent Price, Ed Begley, Carl Sandburg—2 LP's 11.90

452. TYRONE GUTHRIE

Directing a Play 5.95

465. ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Reads Own Works (poems, Nobel acceptance speech) 5.95

479. LANGSTON HUGHES

Best of Simple. 5.95

589. NEGRO POETS

Anthology. 20th Century Poets read their works. 5.95

618. IN THE CELLAR

Ferlinghetti & Rexroth read with jazz in San Francisco 4.98

15. BERTRAND RUSSELL

Speaking on Life, Love, War, etc. 5.95

641. RUSSIAN READING

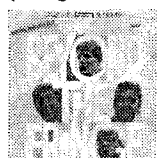
Moscow Theatre (in Russian) 4.98

646. A LINCOLN ALBUM

Carl Sandburg reads from his famous biography — 2 LP's 11.90

754. YEVTUSHENKO & VOZNESENSKY

Poems read in Russian by the authors (bi-lingual text enclosed) 4.98



834. BEYOND THE FRINGE

Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett 5.98

840. PINS & NEEDLES

Barbra Streisand & Original Cast 5.95

16. BERNARD SHAW

Some of his BBC Broadcasts 6.95

7. F. D. R. SPEAKS

A Panorama of the 30's & 40's, forwarded by Eleanor Roosevelt, edited and booklet by Henry Steel Commager—6 LP's & Booklet. 7.95

101. THE BESTIARY OF FLANDERS & SWANN

Satirical animal songs 5.98

295. STAN FREBERG'S UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

An Irreverent History Lesson 5.98

661. TOM LEHRER — "That Was the Year That Was"

(Smut, Pollution, Vatican Rag) 4.98

876. PETER USTINOV "Grand Prix of Gibraltar"

A spoof on sports car racing 5.95

57. BEHIND THE LINES IN VIETNAM

Harrison Salisbury, Asst. Ed. New York Times 4.98

61. BERTOLT BRECHT

Before the Committee on Un-American Activities 5.95

8. I CAN HEAR IT NOW

(Pre-War Broadcasts)

Vol. 1 (1919-1932) Wilson, Hoover, Ted Husing, Tunney, etc. 5.95

Vol. 2 (1933-1945) Will Rogers, La Guardia, Wilkie, etc. 5.95

Vol. 3 (1945-1949) Elmer Davis, Nuremburg Trial, Lillenthal, Nehru 5.95
3-Record Set 11.90



11. REV. DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING

In Search of Freedom 4.98

12. SOUND OF DISSENT

Protest Movements of the 60's, Voices of Eartha Kitt, Dr. Ralph Abernathy, George Wallace, Senator Eugene McCarthy, Martin Luther King, Stokely Carmichael, Al Capp, Hubert Humphrey, James Farmer, Senator Robert Kennedy and others. 4.98

116. UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

Excerpts from the San Francisco Hearings, May, 1960. 5.98

121. WAR OF THE WORLDS

Orson Welles' Famous Radio Broadcast of 1939. 4.98

412. T. S. ELIOT

Reads Own Works 5.98

537. ROBERT LOWELL

Reads Own Works 5.98

36. LENNY BRUCE

Interviews of Our Time (satire) 4.98

94. ART BUCHWALD

Sex and The College Boy 4.98

34. INVESTIGATOR

CBC Spoof on Joe McCarthy 5.95

78. HUMAN RIGHTS

Eleanor Roosevelt speaks 5.95

17. MAO TSE-TUNG

Quotations from the Chairman, read by 4.98

10. SPANISH CIVIL WAR SONGS

2 Vols., available singly Each 5.95

VOICES OF OUR TIMES (The Nation)

333 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N. Y. 10014

Neer

Please send the records whose numbers I have circled below.

42	228	252	278	305	308	326	399	403
407	421	433	435	444	452	465	479	589
618	15	641	646	754	834	840	16	7
101	295	661	876	57	61	8	11	12
116	121	412	537	36	94	34	78	17
10								

I enclose \$..... plus 25c postage and handling.

Name

Address

City State

Zip Code

Closet Openings

PROMETHEUS BOUND. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 67 pp. \$5.95.

THE DUKE OF PALERMO AND OTHER PLAYS. By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 250 pp. \$6.95.

THERE'S A LITTLE AMBIGUITY OVER THERE AMONG THE BLUEBELLS AND OTHER THEATER POEMS. By Ruth Krauss. Something Else Press. \$3.95.

ALBERT BERMEL

Mr. Bermel, playwright and translator, teaches in Columbia University's School of the Arts. His forthcoming book on modern theatre will be published by Knopf.

The striving in today's playhouses to reach the spectator where he thinks and feels and has his shaky inmost being comes out of a suspicion on the part of theatre people that they have lost touch with their public, that their art has grown impersonal. You can see it, that self-doubt, pouring out of the eyes of a young actress as she tries to shame the hell out of strangers and yet enlist them. Ritual, involvement, the religious origins of theatre, the touting of love-thine-everybody—all that quackery is, in its desperate way, an apology. Most of the time a performance does not amount to the shared experience that the cast (and audience) would like it to be. And so old men in row A get kissed on the nose, a society type has her mink fingered and solemnly fields questions about her sex life, while a guy who stands up to go home is asked what he is doing about the war, school integration, and the perfidies of Nixon.

Now and then one hears that a few actors are getting together in a living room to "explore" a script. I recommend such an occasion to interloping theatre lovers. It makes a change from the musty stuff that passes for theatre these days. Even when the script is of doubtful quality this sort of evening, I promise, will prove more rewarding than Broadway, Off- and Off-Off-Broadway, the upstairs show places in culture centers, and their lavish experimental basements. It will also make the old squabbles over whether the theatre is predominantly social or aesthetic, literary or dramatic, look fruitless. Private theatre is due for a revival. If the revival does come about, and if it kills off what we call professional theatre, so much the better.

Staged readings (frequently puffed as "concert readings") are a modern form of closet theatre. They usually arise from the playwright's practice of introducing a new work to his friends, that is, his

enemies. Sometimes they are elaborately set up, with costumes, great washes of lighting, and a bulky audience in attendance. But they do most for the play, it seems to me, when they are modestly conceived and the actors take on multiple roles, and when the script itself is of a kind that has to be listened to, not bathed in. They may even surprise their sponsors by grabbing an audience more tenaciously than a slap-up production would do. By luck, three prime candidates for a new closet theatre have recently appeared. Can this portend a revival, a trend, an avalanche?

Robert Lowell's *Prometheus Bound*, "derived from Aeschylus," is colored, as we would expect, by a sumptuous and stately lyricism. But it also incorporates moments of violent rhetoric. The staging at Yale two years ago did not let the rhetoric speak for itself. The eloquence of Kenneth Haigh and Irene Worth could not find its way past the distractions of a domineering set and several samples of pulpy and otherwise obstructive acting. A staged reading might have served the text more respectfully and dramatically by letting it be taken in.

Mr. Lowell observes in an author's note that *Prometheus* is the most undramatic of Greek tragedies: "One man, a sort of demi-god at that, chained to a rock, orated to, and orating at a sequence of embodied apparitions." He does himself and Aeschylus an injustice. The "embodied apparitions" of Ocean and his daughters, Io, Hermes and the rest, are tempters. They will not succeed in bringing the Titan to a reconciliation with his tormentor, Zeus; he is resolved to be defiant, to find himself in defiance. But they do tempt the audience. The play is about the plight of a passionate thinker who, as the poet beautifully says, "is fighting necessity, what is." The tempters, representing this necessity, play on the susceptibilities of the spectators; they tempt them to see that defiance is folly, that *Prometheus* is not a creature to be sympathized with, that his defiance earns him his punishment.

Lowell has cut some material from Aeschylus' play, such as the story of the daughters of Danaus (dealt with at length in *The Suppliants*) and the suggestion that Chiron, when he is dying, may take *Prometheus*' place on the rock. He has revised the minor characters by satirizing them in places so that they become easy to laugh at but hard to be tempted by.

As compensation, he adds the seduction by Zeus of Io in her father's meadow, a sluggish, ugly, bovine coupling; and he cleverly embellishes Io's adventures and the foreseeing of her death. He also puts in some angry lines about fire as the coming order, the last destroyer. Best of all, he alights, as no earlier translator

does, on the play's peak of despair and the reason for Io's importance: that her fate (while pregnant, she must keep fleeing across the face of the earth from a cloud of gadflies) is preferable to the fate of *Prometheus* in his chosen immobility; a voice in the chorus says to him, "We would rather be stung by Io's flies than by your thoughts."

An honest reading, having nothing at stake but the play itself, would almost inevitably distribute its weight more accurately than Jonathan Miller's staging did at Yale, where it became heavy centered and virtually died after Io's exit. In the text Lowell lets the action quicken and grow organically into the final temptation by Hermes, which is its most suspenseful scene.

Of Edmund Wilson's new plays a theatre pro might knowingly say that they wouldn't "work" or "go." It is true that Mr. Wilson is not a playwright who steers by any fashion. But he has a *mind*, and the mind has nice edges and these shine through his dialogue. *Osbert's Career* makes me think yearningly of what Evelyn Waugh might have pulled off for the theatre. It has porcelain people (who really break like the ones in *The Wizard of Oz*), glass houses, farcical dips and bends that are all—but all—funny, and a victimized, drastically unpitiable hero who is an American cousin to Paul Pennyfeather and Tony Last.

The Duke of Palermo is a "lamentable tragedy"—the word lamentable gives the game away—which spoofs academic criticism. It incorporates a fake-Jacobean revenge tragedy dressed up in alliterative flourishes and little else, and it rejuvenates such lusty Elizabethanisms as *mazzard*, *dizzard*, *cates*, *orts*, *crackhalters*, and *trugging-houses*. Homer Winslow, the principal figure, has ideas and impulses rather than emotions. Recalling his dead wife, he doesn't so much grieve for her as quote Webster to himself, omitting the last word of Ferdinand's famous line when the phone summons him.

It may be that only a gathering of scholars will appreciate the light but systematic caning that Mr. Wilson administers here, but they will all, naturally, believe it intended for their colleagues. *The Duke of Palermo* is the very latest teaching aid, and ought to be concert-read by graduate students as the culminating class of every course in criticism.

As the title of the theatre poems by Ruth Krauss implies, they could get cutesy, kiddy and sudsy—a lot of bluebells to pay for that little ration of ambiguity. Yet a Harpo-like insolence informs most of these pieces and sometimes turns downright diabolical. Miss Krauss is part carefree surrealist, part sober vaudevillienne, part city pantheist. She specializes in one- and two-liners,

even in her longer poems, "If Only" or "This Breast," every line of which starts with the same words. Her good images are very good and the feeble images do not cancel them out.

Included in the book are some ideas for staging the first sentence of *There's a Little Ambiguity* ("ONE: What a poet wants is a lake in the middle of his sentence [*A lake appears!*]"). Elsewhere (in Michael Benedikt's *Theatre Experiment*, published by Anchor Books) there are five different staged versions of "A Beautiful Day": "GIRL: What a beautiful day! (THE SUN falls down onto the stage)." These versions tend to be reductive—an orange balloon for the sun, a slide of Lake Tahoe projected sideways for the lake—or else to compromise the probabilities and improbabilities in Miss Krauss's cunning words. The headiness is all. A straight reading of the stage directions by an actor would put the enactment where it belongs, in the spectator's imagination.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The "in" show at this year's Holland Festival was clearly *Reconstruction*, a "morality" in the form (more or less) of an opera, authored by a committee made up of librettists Hugo Claus and Harry Mulisch, composers Louis Andriessen, Reinhard de Leeuw, Misha Mengelberg, Peter Schat and Jan van Vlijmen. By comparison with the staid and dressy audiences that filled Amsterdam's elegant Stadsschouwburg for an appropriately elegant production of Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, the crowd in the utilitarian arena of the Theater Carré was conspicuously well balanced on both sides of the generation gap, and its response indicated that there was something to please everybody in *Reconstruction*.

The most prominent plot elements were the rise and decline of a group of ludicrously overdrawn American capitalists, mixed in with the legends of Don Juan (with particular reference to Mozart's setting thereof) and Che Guevara. An immense statue of the latter was built during the course of the performance and eventually came to represent the Stone Guest that is Don Juan's (read Imperialism's) nemesis; the occasionally suspenseful mechanics of statue-assembly provided one level of diversion from the sometimes murky goings-on elsewhere. (I should qualify this last remark by observing that my command of the Dutch language is spotty at best; at any rate the anti-American tone of the whole was anything but sub-

tle, at times tiresomely childish.) Subsidiary characters included the god Quetzalcoatl, Desiderius Erasmus (standing in for Leporello!), Tarzan, Martin Bormann, Cuba (in the person of a girl who appeared in three different costumes, the second one designed by Nature), and the inevitable CIA agent.

Similarly eclectic was the musical setting, which encompassed complex if conventional multi-orchestra textures, Mozartian pastiche, some rather monotonously flashy tape music (for Quetzalcoatl), a nursery-rhyme alphabet song based on the "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh" rhythm, and a couple of bouncy Pop songs, all of it remarkably well coordinated in performance by the five composer-conductors (as far as I could tell from a cursory examination of the score, they did not rely on chance to do their work for them). In fact, the most impressive aspect of *Reconstruction* was the smoothness with which the whole enormously elaborate machinery worked: staging, multiple orchestras and choruses, electronic apparatus, and lighting. It was all as well organized as a Ringling Brothers Circus, and made its appeal, I fear, on much the same level despite its greater pretensions—which, in turn, undermined the occasional flashes of wit and detracted from the sense of timing and proportion necessary in a successful *ad hoc* popular entertainment, as well as an enduring work of musical theatre.

The aforementioned production of Mozart's *Così*, by the Holland Festival Opera, was certainly sufficient reminder of what refinements of timing and proportion have been reached in musical theatre. To a listener whose experience of this opera on stage has been limited to the old Metropolitan Opera House, the 1,000-seat Stadsschouwburg was a rare treat, obviating the gross overplaying on stage and the inflated, distorted orchestral balances that too frequently disfigure Mozart operas in New York. A good Mozart performance in virtually any European theatre is bound to be a revelation in these respects; the Holland *Così* also offered exceptionally stylish playing by the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra under Alexander Gibson, satisfactory decor (in the now standard post-Rolf Gérard latticework style) by Harry Wich, and well-conceived direction by Vlado Habunek, whose particular success was his exploitation of the brisk, slightly angular charm of Julia Hamari (Dorabella) to offset the obviously intractable placidity of Margherita Rinaldi (Fiordiligi). Like nearly all opera directors dealing with comedy in a language foreign to the audience, Habunek succumbed to the temptation of a few "sock-it-to-'em" visual gags, but in general he worked with rather than against the music.

The same could not be said for John Copley's staging of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* (the Vienna version, edited by Charles Mackerras) at Covent Garden, where the incessant articulations of visual motion played havoc with the extreme regularity of Gluck's musical progression. (If *Orfeo* must be staged choreographically, I should like to see the problem put in Balanchine's hands, for his sense of musical form would avoid this kind of excess.) Fortunately, one could close one's eyes and listen to the musical performance under Georg Solti, who not only never let the piece go slack but never pressed forward too hard—a considerable achievement, which would not perhaps have been expected from the Solti of ten or fifteen years ago. (A recording of *Orfeo* was made by Decca-London during the weeks of Covent Garden performances, although with a slightly more stellar cast.)

Also at Covent Garden I heard a competent performance of Verdi's *Macbeth*, marred by the really distressing performance of Elena Suliotis who will also be singing the role of Lady Macbeth in New York this fall. Although only in her mid-20s, Miss Suliotis sounds like a singer past her prime, unable to deal securely with technical problems of more than the slightest difficulty. If the opera managers and recording entrepreneurs who have been exploiting her undoubted natural gifts (a strong, wide-ranging voice and a marked, if undirected, dramatic temperament) want Miss Suliotis to continue drawing audiences for the normal span of a career, they would do well to pool their funds and send her on a sabbatical to some good teacher, for even the vastly uncritical opera public has some limits of tolerance, and there are few examples in history of voices surviving this kind of mistreatment.

**THE BIGGEST MUSICAL
HIT IN YEARS**

**BEST MUSICAL
NEW YORK DRAMA CRITICS'
CIRCLE AWARD—1968-69**

TONY AWARD—1968-69



1776

**AMERICA'S
AWARD WINNING
MUSICAL**

MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY. PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. \$12.; Mezz. \$9.; Balc. \$7., 5. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. \$15., 12.; Mezz. \$10.; Balc. \$8., 6. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. \$8.; Mezz. \$7.; Balc. \$6., 5. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Suggest alternate dates.

46TH STREET THEATRE
228 W. 46 ST., NEW YORK 10036

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

In the first half of the 19th century British and American painters endeavored to make landscapes as expressive as the participatory backgrounds of James Fenimore Cooper and Charles Dickens. The effort was linked to the deterioration of history painting (figure paintings with religious, classical or historical subjects) which dried up before an audience uninstructed in its iconography. Landscape painting, it was hoped, would bring the big modern audience into touch with the traditional verities, inasmuch as everybody recognized landscapes. The problem was to use scenery morally. In England J. W. M. Turner and John Martin are the central artists, and in America it is Thomas Cole. Cole's student, Frederick E. Church, was the subject of an exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution three years ago, but now Cole himself can be seen in detail at the Whitney Museum (until September 1).

Cole, born in England in 1801, came to America at the age of 17 and lived here until his death in 1848, with two long visits to Europe (not just to England) in 1829-33 and 1841-42. In the 1820s he painted much in the Catskills and inserted into native scenery such subjects as "Scene from 'The Last of the Mohicans,'" "Gelyna" (redcoat pathos), and "Daniel Boone and his Cabin at Great Osage Lake." In the '30s he painted European sites, at Tivoli and elsewhere, as well as his allegorical series, "The Course of Empire" and

"The Voyage of Life," both of them four-step moral landscapes. In the forties he did scenes of the Roman Campagna, as well as continuing with American subjects, in some of which his customary grandeur was softened to a Biedermeier charm, as in "The Pic-Nic" and "Home in the Woods."

One of Cole's first attempts at eloquent landscape is "The Expulsion from the Garden of Eden," a multi-layered panorama. It contains a view back into the lost Garden, blurred by mountain radiance; beams of symbolic light shoot like ray guns from a source hidden within Eden's rocky gate; and a volcano flashes pinkly on the post-Lapsarian horizon. Each of the three light-sources becomes a moral zone in the picture: nostalgic, punitive and ominous. When the picture was shown in 1828 its derivation from John Martin was noted. Cole, like Martin, wanted to reach a large public and to do so by means of the moralizing landscape; one effect on painting of working for a popular audience has not been much discussed but is worth stressing.

Instead of textural variation and organic reminiscences as in traditional oil paint, Cole's facture has an inert solidity which turns impasto into metallic scabs. The dry hard paint looks as if zinc were the medium. This property comes, I think, from the influence of engraving techniques, in which Cole was trained in England and with which he supported himself at first in America. Something similar can be observed of Martin who was apprenticed as a glass painter and never mastered the flow and sensuousness of oil paint. Everything in his Miltonic panoramas is set down in tight contours and opaque colors. His craft training was reinforced by the fact that his paintings were intended for reproduction as mezzotints (as were many of Turner's drawings), and it was the prints that Cole knew. John Ruskin went out of his way in the first book of *Modern Painters* to deplore Martin's inability to paint water properly. Ruskin's criticism is that Martin freezes the water, turning it into a bizarre geology by his rigid touch, thus getting natural textures mixed.

The existence of the print market, which grew to prodigious size in the 19th century, turned painters like Martin and Cole away from soft, sensuous handling toward a hard, animated surface. Since the paintings of moralized landscape existed as the sources of engravings, or parallel to the ubiquitous print market, such a mineralization of paint, which is what it looks like, is not out of place. In fact, paint used with a mineral density, though uncouth at first sight, supports in Cole a marvelous array of local colors and moody atmospheric effects.

Cole was, as his alternation between old and new world suggests, in a good position to compare the landscapes of both. He loved the mountains, water and forests of America and apropos of the latter wrote: "one season when the American forest surpasses all the world in gorgeousness—that is the autumnal." The notion that fall is the painter's season is an 18th-century picturesque one, but after all Cole was right and he goes on to describe the colors with an intensity that belongs only to his century. The colors "run from the *liveliest green to deepest purple—from the most golden yellow to the intensest crimson*" (my italics). This relish of souped-up color was typical of the period and had the public advantage of being competitive in attracting attention in group shows (the only kind there were then).

Cole's art combined classical and anti-classical ideas. When he wrote in his notes (published in *The American Art Journal*, Spring, 1969) that "true imitation selects from the world around us the characteristic, the sublime and the beautiful," he is being as torpidly traditional as Cézanne was when he recommended the reduction of nature to cone, cylinder and sphere. Both notions are clichés of classicism. On the other hand, Cole's immigration to America brought him to a place that was both pre-European and of the future. His was a fully experienced, not an exotic, primitivism. This is what he said about America as wilderness: "the most distinctive, and perhaps the most impressive, characteristic of American scenery is its wildness. It is the most distinctive, because in civilized Europe, the primitive features of scenery have long since been destroyed or modified."

Howard S. Merritt, who arranged the exhibition, quotes in his catalogue a fascinating passage from Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*: "It's this idea of destruction, this conception of near and inevitable change which gives in our opinion so original a character and so touching a beauty to the solitudes of America. One sees them with melancholy pleasure. One hastens to admire them." Mr. Merritt does not quote Cole's own words but the artist agreed with Tocqueville. "American associations are not so much of the past as of the present and future. . . . Yet I cannot but express my sorrow that the beauty of such landscapes is quickly passing away—the ravages of the axe are daily increasing."

The elegiac sentiment, which in earlier moralizing landscapes was triggered by the classical or medieval past, is inverted. Even as he celebrated American wilderness, fears of its impending loss turned Cole into a painter of anticipatory nostalgia.

The Best Way To Get

THE NATION

THE NATION

8-25-69

333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, \$10

☐ Two Years, \$18

☐ 6 Months, \$6

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed

(Add \$1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; \$2 other foreign)

Name

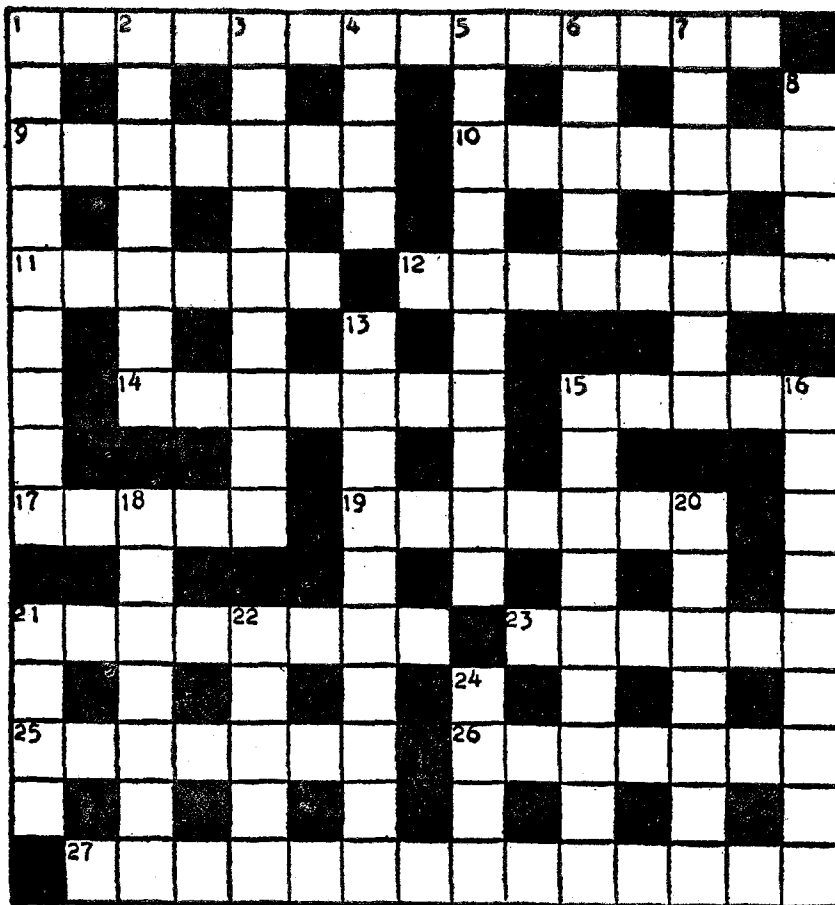
Address

City

State Zip No.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1309

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 How some linesmen are charged an added levy, as a duty we probably never see. (11,3)
- 9 Falls like a grape. (7)
- 10 8, only more so! (7)
- 11 Sits in an awkward position with 10, singularly. (6)
- 12 Perhaps work the head of 27. (8)
- 14 Double. (7)
- 15 How the military might take steps to create a frontier? (5)
- 17 Fabric that is perhaps wound. (5)
- 19 Marked ownership. (7)
- 21 The awkward sort, read with an accompanying rumble, perhaps. (8)
- 23 Would it take two 16, over and over, if in flight? (6)
- 25 One from Rio—at least his heart is filled with it! (7)
- 26 and 21 down You couldn't call this cliché a poor example, though as a class not actively engaged. (3,4,4)
- 27 Perhaps the credo of a nudist might be useful for those who have dirty linen to hide. (7,7)

DOWN

- 1 Getting ready for delivery, or finishing? (7,2)
- 2 Mercury might make one such as the engineer might use. (7)
- 3 Obviously leaves the southwest sector,

- possibly with some passing remarks. (9)
- 4 Incline to being other than 21 down. (4)
- 5 Separate. (10)
- 6 With more spirit, one might bet! (5)
- 7 In the form of something with a rosy association for children, if thereabouts. (7)
- 8 Invites, like the biggest men on the board. (4)
- 13 Hurried and sat down to dinner, as many young couples do. (6,4)
- 15 A bad place for horse-trading, reputedly. (9)
- 16 Typified by B to C, about 15-18 inches long. (4,5)
- 18 Reputedly it takes two to get something formerly used with a crossbow. (7)
- 20 Lesson, by the sound of it. (7)
- 21 See 26 across
- 22 Deviation from the normal pastime. (5)
- 24 Some people chase things to do it. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1308

ACROSS: 1 Stock exchange; 10 Connive; 11 Shelled; 12 Mannerism; 13 Inapt; 14 Lichen; 16 Invoking; 19 Dinghies; 20 Reveal; 22 Havoc; 23 Trump card; 25 Forbear; 26 Escorts; 27 Class reunions. DOWN: 2 Tenon; 3 Chinese checkers; 4 Eyelid; 5 Casement; 6 Amerigo Vespucci; 7 Galvanize; 8 Scumbled; 9 Adit; 15 Canaveral; 17 Gold dust; 18 Letterer; 21 Bureau; 22 Huff; 24 Apron.

RECORDS

FREE 40 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Some records priced as low as \$1.00 each! All late recordings in stereo only. **MHS RECORDS**, Box 932 NA, New York, N. Y. 10023.

AGENTS WANTED

CHRISTMAS CARDS—Business and Personal. Customer's name imprinted. Earn unusually high commissions from this medium- and high priced line. No investment. No inventory. Free Sample Album. **Process Corp.** (our 48th year), 3430 S. 54 Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60650.

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON**, Algonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)

PERSONALS

SOCK IT TO ME—over 225 other underground buttons. 1/25c, 5/\$1, 50/\$5, 125/\$10 and 1,000/\$75. Bumperstickers, beads and peace jewelry, too. Free catalogue to all! Free sample to stores. **A BIG-LITTLE STORE**, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, Calif. 94103.

DISCOVER an intriguing, fun way of meeting literate Jewish singles. **FREE literature: OPERATION MAZEL TOV**, 663 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. 10022.

REPEAL ALL ABORTION LAWS by improving your arguments. Abolish All Abortion Laws, POB 36122, Los Angeles 90036.

MAN CANNOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE — requires protein containing lysine. Make contraceptives free everywhere. **Grand Central Sta. 4069**, New York City.

"CAUTION: WAR MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH" bumperstrip, 2/\$1.00; 6/\$2.50. Wry Idea, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

EDUCATIONAL

SUMMERHILL CAMP AND SCHOOL. Freedom with responsibility learning because it's exciting, not compulsory. Summer program: reading, math, nature, swimming, riding, camping, art, music, drama, group discussions. **OPEN COMMUNITY SCHOOL**, Box 5N, Claverack, N.Y. 12513.

SCHOOL AT KIRKBRIDGE—On Appalachian Trail overlooking Poconos. Grades 10-11, Grade 12 (1970), boarding 20 boys, 16 girls. Intercultural, venturesome, non-denominational, liberal but seriously Christian, related to Kirkridge retreat-and-study center founded 1942. All-teach-all-learn community including expert teachers for college preparation, social relevance, late-teen self-realization. 85 miles from Manhattan and Philadelphia. Write **SCHOOL AT KIRKBRIDGE**, Box 11, BANGOR, PENNSYLVANIA 18013. Phone: 215-581-8954.

PUBLICATIONS

THE BUST BOOK. One of the most important books published this year. \$1.00 postpaid. **Century Book Shop**, 434 East High, Lexington, Kentucky 40508.

KNOW CANADA BETTER!

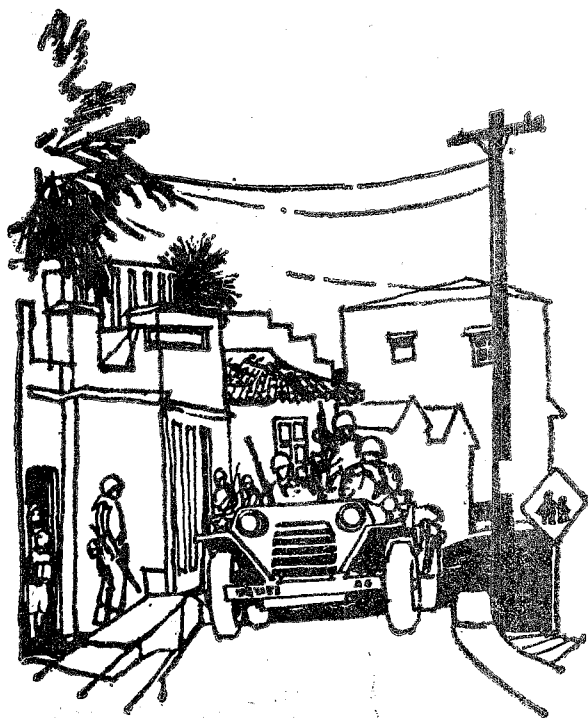
See world affairs from a different perspective!
Read **CANADIAN DIMENSION**
Independent, lively, and original.
Canada's leading forum for radical thought.

\$4.00 for eight large issues

Write to:

CANADIAN DIMENSION
P.O. Box 1413
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba, Canada





The Free World?

An amazing aspect of the myth of the "Free World" is that this myth has persisted so long. Clothed in the rhetoric of anti-communism, the U.S. State Department has kept the world safe for exploitation—or at least tried to—from Greece to Vietnam.

But indignation is not enough. Those opposed to U.S. foreign policy must arm themselves with information.

THE FREE WORLD COLOSSUS, by David Horowitz, provides that information. It is more than a critique of American foreign policy in the cold war. It is a history.

Horowitz explodes the American myth of preserving freedom and containing communism by answering crucial questions. How did the cold war begin? What has been the U.S. role around the world: in Greece, Korea, Cuba, Vietnam? What is the reality of the "Communist menace"? What has been the impact of "the bomb" on the cold war?

THE NATION 333 Sixth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10014

☐ I'll join you for 1 year (48 issues). I enclose \$10 and understand you'll send me free **THE FREE WORLD COLOSSUS** by David Horowitz.

☐ I'll try you for 6 months (24 issues). Enclosed is \$6.
(Add \$1 per year postage for Canada & Mexico; \$2 other foreign.)

Name

Street

City State Zip

(N 8-25)

If you've been looking for a factual account of U.S. foreign policy since the Second World War, you will want **THE FREE WORLD COLOSSUS**. Subscribe now to **The NATION**, and we will send you this valuable history free.